

ADAM

DECEMBER, 1967

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FACT · FICTION
HUMOUR





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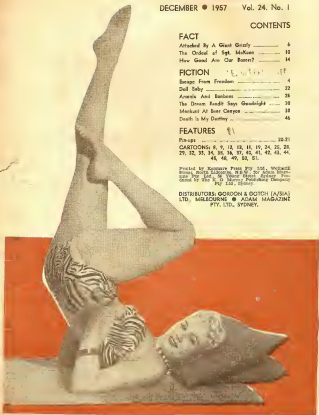
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CRIMINAL MIND

FROM FREEDOM

KEVEN McNAMARA • FICTION

HE went up the short flight of cement steps into the hall. It smelled. He never got used to it, the faint smell. Smell of sweat and cooking cabbage and maybe even garbage. Rats, too. You never saw them, but they were there, hiding behind the walls. Yelloweyed and sniffling, these rats, he felt sure.

Up the stairs. Hollow, wooden stairs, with a cheap carpet-runner sliding down them. Or was the carpet runner going up? He started to laugh. There was no effort at all behind the laughter, and it was as though someone else were doing it, a stranger inside him.

"Smiles' Jack!"

The laughter stopped. He stared at the man beside him on the stairs, on his way down. Fitzgerald. Krishnan. Red-haired. Big, his face all shining white teeth. A horrible grin.

"Hardly ever hear you laughin' Jackin'," said Fitzgerald. "It must've been a mighty good one to get you goin'."

"Have you been to see Eva?" There was a threat in his voice, and he was amazed at himself.

"Aw, sure. Been claimin' and cussin' and havin' a ball." He pushed past and went his way, chuckling. At the bottom of the stairs, he stopped and stared back

at him. Cocked his head. Still grinning.

John tightened his grip on his briefcase — a bellared briefcase, with his initials in cracked and faded gold; bought in his "youth"; bought with supreme confidence that it would one day hold important papers.

"What you staring at?" he asked Fitzgerald. And that voice was thin and high and complaining. Fear was the voice he knew.

Fitzgerald ran his tongue over those broad teeth, didn't answer, just chuckled. It was a sexual sound.

John twisted his neck in his tight collar, looked away started up the stairs. Then, then, then, went his footsteps. Monotonous sound. And Fitzgerald laughed a full-throated laugh.

The door. The door was brown and cracked and veined, like the face of a very old and beaten man. He opened it, went inside, dropped the briefcase on the floor, near the lumpy armchair.

The plywood doors to the aged, scuffed-iron balcony were open, but no breeze came through. Shining silver windows of the building opposite made up the only view. On the bed, wearing a

kimono, Eva was — of all things — cutting her toenails.

"Was that Fitzgerald in here?" he asked.

The scissors snapped intelligently. She raised one eyebrow, stared at him with that eye. People were always staring at him. Her leg came out of the kimono, and it was so smooth, vitally white, exciting.

"Oh," she said. "He's my lover. That's why he's got a job on the night shift. So he can come in here the minute you tell off to that crummy office. I am Cleopatra and he is Anthony, and we make beautiful music togeth—"

"Can't you ever be sincere, Mr. God's sake? Can't you?"

"Oh, shut up." She snipped at the nail. She looked up again, saw that John hadn't moved, was still watching her. "Even if he was in here," she said, mouth silent, "do you think I'd tell you? He might have been. He might not. Might have been there or four men in here."

"If you mean I'm not a man. Eva, don't think you can hurt me by saying it. You've said it far too often."

Continued on page 351

Her nagging had driven him to crime. But not the crime she hoped he would commit.



Attacked by a GIANT grizzly

We were out to get this cattle-killer. Little did I realize that I would end up in the jaws of this monster.

THEY LOVED and I were moving up the pass where the spotted grizzly running his new heifer. A feisty grizzly runs faster than the heaviest heifer, so I told the heifer was probably dead by now. The past looked at me.

"Come, you don't understand," the man, finally. "You ain't been here long enough to know about grizzlies."

"I been here two years," I told him.

"Two years don't mean much when there ain't no grizzlies. Now there is."

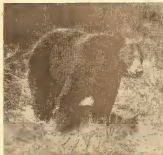
"So?"

"So you either kill the grizzly, or wake up one morning with all your stock cleaned out. That's the truth, Cuck. God's honest truth!"

I started to say both! And I guess he saw the look, so he turned on his heel and started walking up again. I suited the bag Winchester to my left shoulder and followed him. The saw the grizzly's track marks where he must've caught up with the heifer. There was a big glob of blood on the ground and the ground was tore up something fierce. He touched the butt of his repeater to the ground, his voice hard as he called me.

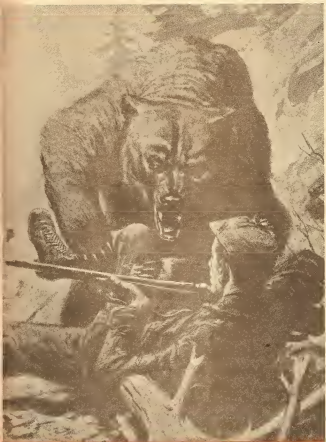
"That hell grizzly's up here somewhere, Ossie. He's hungry. See where he started chewing up the heifer right here?"

I saw. The ground was a mess where I was standing. Blood, hair, bits of cow flesh specked all over hell and gone. Gave me the creeps just looking at it. I stared up at the timber line another thousand feet above us.



Bears can run faster than the heaviest of men. They delight in killing for killing's sake.

"I didn't kill the bear. Ossie did. A man gets used to walking around a 1000 lb. bear."



*I screamed, a roar of boiling pain leaping up
my leg as the bear held me, biting on my foot.*

"Okay, Ome!" You shoot the bear."

So up we went, clambered near hand over hand, Ike's range goes up into the thicket country I've seen seen! Full of grumps, he forget to pull out, full of bear dung and cow droppings, full of sliding shale. I kept thinking if that bear doesn't hear us by now, he's dead or dead. But on both counts I was wrong.

We made the timber line in another 30 minutes, and Ike pointed along the tree up ground. I followed the track, staring further up to the ledges. It was easy enough to see that Ike was right about that bear. A hater like the one he had was a good gun heaver, and that bear had no trouble climbing up!

We sat down here for a time, checking to see if our guns were in working order, as well as catching our breaths. Although the climb had been tough, it was well worth it — even if a bear was the reason. Down below we could see the farmhouse with smoke curling from its chimney; cattle grazing in a far paddock; a dog trotting along beside its master; mist rising from a shadowed valley. All this was clear — almost like an aerial view. Far away a rock gave vent to his feelings, and a dog barked.

Then I heard something like a whistle, a whooping. I stared at Ike. He said, "My God, Ome, the kids is playin' up here!"

All the way down to my toes I shuddered. I stood there with that big Winchester shaking in my arms, and then I called:

"You kids! There's a grumpy up here. Can you hear me?"

After a while, a squeaky little voice shrilled. "We seen him, pop! He had the heater!"

"Andrew!" I shouted. "You and the kids take off, bear! Walk east and get the hell out of here! We see where the bears dened. We got enough trouble now. Howa, Andrew?"

"Yeah, Pop. I hear."

I waited a few moments for the kids to move, but when they didn't appear I again shouted for them to clear out. The ominous silence which greeted my shouts brought me out in a cold sweat.

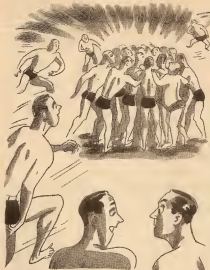
"The little bighorns think this's a game," I muttered. "Hell, where are they?"

Ike frowned as he peered through the line of trees.

"Damned little fools," he called. "Come out of there before you end up like that huffer!"

This remark really set my mind whirling. Why didn't the kids answer? Was that a cry? Or just a breeze in the trees? I had to find out!

The fear that gets in a man when he thinks his kids are in danger, as a different fear. It makes him do things. It made me start crawling up the boisterous path to where I thought I saw the bear. Looking up, I got to the top, but saw nothing.



"Strophes job just missed."

back and shadowed and full of shade ledges that jutted into space. That goddamned grumpy could be up there by now, laying up with a full belly just waiting for us to hunt him.

I said, "Ike, it's gettin' dark. I'm for dots' this tomorrow."

Ike humped derisively. "I'm not, Ome. You can go back if you want, I'm gonna get that grumpy tonight!"

"You'll get yourself killed!" I protested.

"Better than dyin' a pauper," Ike granted, walking again. "You come!"

"No, sir. I am not!" I said, and I started moving away. I got maybe three feet when I felt sorry as anything for Ike Lord. I put myself in his shoes, which was easy enough to do, considering I was his neighbour. For all I knew he was right, and that grumpy bear would hit my patch next.

"Wait up," I called. "You got a partner?"

The ground was hard to the south, and the prints went away

in. Ike Lord shook his head worriedly.

"I'd say that bear was in the vicinity of 500 pounds, more or less, Ome."

"Where do you shoot a bear, Ike?"

"Anywhere," Ike grinned. "Head, chest, just stop him once he starts comin'!"

We were about halfway up, puffing like a couple of old donkey engines. You'd think we were 50, instead of a couple of Canadian Army vets. I mean we pulled! So I sat down, and Ike flopped down, too, and then Ike told me how he figured we'd take that bear. Still on our duffs it sounded easy.

We'd track to his den, and either me or Ike would start throwin' rocks in. That bear would come out like blazes! We didn't settle which one of us would do the shootin', and which one the throwin', but as far as I was concerned I wasn't about to lay down my gun. I guess maybe Ike Lord sensed that. He laughed, anyway.

Neither the kids nor the bear were to be seen. I crawled around a ledge, peering to the right and to the left. Just as I reached an outcrop of rock I thought I heard a scuffling sound. I froze. My ears strained to pick up the noise again. Nothing! Suddenly a drop of wetness hit the back of my neck. I nearly jumped out of my skin. Another drop hit my neck. They smothered. Mountain water, I thought, washing it. It was red blood!

My head jerked up in time to see the bear ramping out from behind a ledge. I took deliberate aim and hit the black part, and the bear yelped in pain. A smear of blood stained the bear's end, and he came down, two leaps, claws slashing the air.

I fired again as the bot, stinkin'

breath of the grizzly blasted me close by. My feet buckled under me as I stopped backward, but I held on to the gun. I was shooting and rolling away as the bear hooked one paw under my boot and dug in. I screamed, a roar of boiling pain knitting up my leg as the bear held me, hiling on my feet. I was still screaming as the blood gushed out of my leg. I held the gun to the bear's mouth and fired and passed out.

I didn't kill the bear! Oase did. I was out cold and the bear was holding my foot, gibbling his way up. The last bullet didn't work. Oase told me later. He got the bear and what was left of me.

A man gets used to walkin' around with one foot. Well, a man can do damned near any thing with one foot. I just figure the right thing is to say thank

God he didn't get a real mouthful! You shoulda seen that heifer! I didn't, naturally. Oase told me he cleaned that heifer to the bone in the short time it took us to climb that hill. Without my foot he tipped the scales at 325 pounds when Oase dressed him out.

Of course the kids were all right. In fact they were the envy of their school mates when they stated that a bear had eaten their pop's foot off. In fact, I was quite a novelty for some time. However, that wore off.

It's funny, through all the pain when my foot was being chewed, I could see the farmhouse with smoke curling from its chimney; the cattle grazing in the far paddock; the dog trotting beside its master; the mist rising from the shadowed valley — all this, as if from far, far away.



"They became engaged, were married and had a baby, but I'm not sure if that was the proper sequence."

THE ORDEAL OF SGT. McKEON

They reduced his quarters and let him stay in the mess-hall, but they couldn't bring back the six dead boys. Whose fault was it — McKeon's? The boots? The Corps?

EDWARD LINN • FACT

THE case of Sergeant McKeon, of the Marines, made world headlines not long ago. Why did this tough, experienced marine give an order which sent a platoon of recruits wading through deep water and a swift tide in an operation which brought death by drowning to six boys?

Here, for the first time, is the full story of that fated night.

Matthew McKeon, eight years a Marine, was a drill instructor at Parris Island. It is the drill instructor's job to make Marines.

As soon as a recruit, or boot, as he is called, hits Parris Island, his head is completely shaved. He is stripped naked and sent through a disinfecting spray. His clothing shoes are branded on his bare skin with indelible ink, and he is whipped through the quarter-master depot like a prime steer being herded into a stockyard. The whole process is designed to demonstrate to the new men that he is just another body, a blank of blood, unblemished and undistinguishable.

During his period of training he goes everywhere in formation. He stands at rigid attention. He is ordered to "at" everybody on the post—not just officers, but he ends up "marring" everybody, including civilians too, possibly, even his girl friend. He does as he's told and he does it immediately. If it isn't immediate enough, he gets a swagger-stick across the head or a slap across the face.

The boot, says a D.I., is not supposed to strike a recruit, of course, but that's only in there to keep the congregation happy.

Punishment for every breach of conduct is swift, appropriate and degrading. A boot who fails to sleep has rifle craps during intervals of arms time burned on his knees sleeping a cement pavement until his hands are raw. A boot caught smoking without permission will probably end up eating the cigarette.

Everything is designed to impress the boot with the fact that he is under the complete control of his non-com; to make him react unquestioningly when, on some future date, some other non-com orders him to attack. The training is not designed to be sadistic; it can become sadistic in the hands of a sadistic drill instructor.

The most important day of Matt McKeon's life, April 8, 1960, began at 5 a.m., when he left his bungalow on Post Royal, a few miles off the base, and drove to barracks. The white, U-shaped building A pulled muscle in his leg had been bothering him, and he was using a brown stick as a cane.

At 6 he woke up his boys and had them fall out for breakfast. Since it was Sunday, he drove over to the depot chapel for 6:30 mass before he went in to eat, himself. When he got back from church, he eased himself gingerly into his room bed—thankful that it was Sunday—and took a nap.

About 10:30 another D.I. woke him to tell him that some of his boys were goofing off out in back of the barracks. McKeon went to the back door and saw 16 or 20 of them lying around on their elbows on their backs. Some of them even seemed to be sleeping.

"All right," he shouted "everybody inside. On the double!"

"I was going to give them an up-and-down across drill for num-

cross counts," he testified later, "but I thought different of it for the simple reason that when you do that in the barracks they do get a little tired and the rifles hit the racks (bells). The next thing that came to my mind was a field day. So I ordered a field day."

That meant that everybody had to grab little hand brushes and scrub down the entire barracks with crescent and G.I. soap. The whole platoon was being polished.

McKeon went to his bunk, where he was awakened by Staff Sergeant Elwyn Scarborough, who had come in to return a watch. After a few minutes of conversation, Scarborough asked if he had anything to drink.

"I never keep it around," McKeon said.

"I could use a shot," Scarborough said. "I feel pretty rough. Here you got your car outside?" McKeon gave him the keys and Scarborough drove up to the Weapons Training Battalion. He came back carrying a paper bag. He didn't pull out the bottle until they were back in McKeon's room.

"What have you got there?" McKeon asked. "Gin!"

"Vodka," Scarborough took a swig and passed the bottle to him.

McKeon, who isn't much of a drinker, made a face as he drank. He picked up his brown stick and hobbled upstairs to get a Coke to wash down the liquor.

Sergeant Richard King, another junior D.I., came in to pick up some gear, and they all had another drink. Three two drinks, McKeon maintained later, were all he ever took from that bottle of vodka.

After a while, Scarborough looked at his watch and asked McKeon if he would run him down to the



NCO club. Since it was 12:30 by this time, McKee asked King to take his troops to chow. He would stop on the way, Matt said, to pick up the mail.

"OK," King said. "But be back by two, will you? I've got a liberty coming up."

These questions were subsequently asked at McKee's trial: Defense Attorney Herman: "When you and Sergeant Scarborough left for the NCO club, was there any liquid in the bottle from which the two drinks had been poured?"

McKee: "Yes, sir. I remember putting the top on it and I said: 'Here's your bottle. Take it with you.'"

Herman: "What did he say?"

McKee: "He said he would pick it up later. It was left down by the table."

Matt drove to the mail room, threw his platoon's mail sack into the trunk of his car and took Scarborough to the staff NCO club. They both went inside.

What follows is McKee's testimony during the court-martial.

"I heard someone yell at Sergeant Scarborough. I did not see Sergeant Scarborough after I went to the bar. I ordered a Schlitz in a can and poured the beer into the glass. . . . I took a few sips of beer. On the outside of the bar I noticed a guy I had had duty with before and I left the beer at the bar and walked over to him. I had known him in Quantico. We shook hands and chewed the fat in general and I heard he had made master. He said let me buy you a drink for every stripe I made since I last saw you, and he bought me a triple shot of whiskey."

"We were talking away from the bar. I knew he bought the whiskey. I reached over and took the glass and I said: 'Here's back to you.' I took a sip and put it down. Conversation got around to his new car and we went outside to see it and he had one of those sport cars of foreign make, something like a Jaguar. We talked about the car

and went back into the staff NCO club."

"There was a bunch of fellows where we had been standing, and I went over to get my beer for the simple reason to chase this whiskey. I got back and did not see the whiskey, but instead of making an issue of it, I just overlooked it and said nothing about it. By that time I noticed a clock on the bulkhead which said 1:40. It told me that Sergeant King wanted to go on liberty, so I finished my glass of beer but not the entire can. I only had one sip of the whiskey and I went back to bullet 761 and went inside and told Sergeant King the mail was in the trunk of the car and to send out a recruit for it."

"We talked in general, and I said I was going to lay down again because of my leg, and I remember laying down and half dozing off and Sergeant King was in and out of the D.L.'s room, and I dozed off. Then I remembered him asking me up for the boys of my color, as my wife wanted the car so she could go to the hospital the next morning."

"One of her girl friends came to pick up the car. I told Sergeant King the keys were on the desk. I rolled over and dozed off again. Private Langone woke me up for chow around 5:10 p.m."

Sergeant McKee told section leader Langone to have the platoons fall out in ten minutes. At the mess hall, he sat at the D.L.'s table and took a mild riding about his "bird", the Marine's term of contempt for a poorly disciplined, poorly trained outfit. The men of the 11st platoon had been ordered not to take seconds on dessert, but he noticed many of them answering the call. Once again, there was that flickering thought that a march into the barracks might do them a lot of good. When he saw Langone, his section leader, walking past, McKee said: "Where are you going?"

"For seconds," Langone told him.

"And what have you done today to make you hungry?"

Langone laughed. "Well, what do you have to do?"

McKee couldn't take that in front of the other drill instructors. "I want to see you in my room when we get back to the barracks," he barked. Obviously, he was putting him in for a thrumping. Langone went on past to get his seconds.

After they had marched back to the barracks, McKee ordered another field day "Langone," he said. "You come with me."

He opened the double door to his room, preceded Langone inside, then turned around and said: "All right, come in swinging."

"No, sir," Langone said.

McKee pushed him once in the face, and stepped back.

"Don't you respect your superior, here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Was that respect you showed in the mess hall?" McKee shouted.



"Shouldn't forget this spotted contract . . . the audition was terrible!"



ed. He started to slap him, but McKee is not a man who can slap people around. At the last moment, he pulled back.

Yustly upset, he paced around the room. Then he told Langens to sit down, gave him a cigarette and proceeded to lecture him on the necessity for tighter discipline in the platoon. Obviously, he was selecting Langens's help. When he finally dismissed him, he told Langens to send in a few of the bigger men in the unit. The first two to come into the room were Reginald Butler and Norman Wood. McKee gave them roughly the same pep talk he had given Langens.

The next boat to come in was John Malced. Malced stood in a rather relaxed way, and McKee barked in exasperation: "Don't you even know how to stand at attention?" He started to slap Malced, too, but in the end he held back and turned away. His hand just brushed against Malced's cheek.

When he had finished talking, he walked the three of them out into the hallway and called Private David McPherson. He let McPherson

go into the room first, then he slammed the door behind him and said, "What's the matter with you? You act as though you were just an individual. Why don't you help to make this a better platoon?"

McPherson's attitude was that he was just a recruit here himself, so how was he supposed to do anything? McKee slapped him with the back of his hand.

He motioned for McPherson to sit down on a face locker near the door. McKee himself walked to the other side of the room and sat down on his bed. What had happened? he asked McPherson. Why had the platoon gone wrong?

"If you ask me," the recruit said, "I think we've had it too easy."

"I don't see how I can make it any tougher," McKee said. "I've tried everything I could think of to teach you people discipline. Maybe," he said, "I ought to take you into the bootcamps. Maybe that would help."

McPherson said he thought it would.

McKee lifted himself off his bed and lunged across the room.

He started down at McPherson for a moment, then started to walk back toward the bed. As he did, he noticed the vodka bottle on the floor at the end of the table.

McPherson testified later:

"He walked back and picked up a bottle sitting on the floor by the desk, raised it to his lips and put it down. He asked if I had ever had vodka and I said I had. He asked if I liked it and I said I did. He asked if I wanted a drink and I said I didn't. And he said, 'Well, you can't have any, anyway.'"

The key phrase here, of course, is the wonderfully non-committal "raised it to his lips." Since it is a lawyer's way of putting it, rather than a woman's, it is hard to say that McPherson, in the practical questionings, found himself unable to state positively whether he had actually seen McKee swallow.

The defendant's insanity on the same point went:

"McKee: I got up, walked over and picked up the bottle. I asked him if he had ever drunk vodka and I asked him if he wanted a drink."

(Continued on page 32)

HOW GOOD ARE OUR BOXERS?

Griffa, Darcy and Carruthers all won world titles for Australia. Ron Richards, Fred Hencherry, Dave Sands, Norm Gent and George Barnes beat world champions.



Comrade **Wladimir** Gue Larouchik and
his wife have won a world title at one
of the most famous tennis clubs.

IN short exasperation the boxer tore off his gloves and walked to his corner. The referee, a man with a sense of humour, said to the quilter: "What's the matter—can't you hit him?"

The boxer snarled: "Can't hit him! I can't even see the b . . . !"

That happened in 1891 in Sydney, and it has gone down in history among the classic remarks in boxing. For the quilter was Torpedo Billy Murphy, a New Zealander by birth and world featherweight champion at the time of this fight. His opponent was Young Griffo, the Will o' the Wisp Australian boxer who probably was the cleverest boxer of all time. Their fight was for the world title.

You will find Murphy's name listed in American Record Books as a world featherweight champion, but you won't find Griffo's! The reason is that—in those days particularly—any man who was outside U.S.A. was considered by the Yanks, to be outside the

world. Therefore when Murphy, who won the world title in U.S.A. in 1890, by knocking out Ike Weir, left U.S.A. and came to Australia, the Yanks declared his title vacant and selected George Dixon to fill the throne.

Griffo was world champion by all standards. In later years Les Darcy won the world middleweight title, but there is some room for dispute in recognition of his claims, although they were as strong as any middleweight of his era.

Of course, Jimmy Carruthers won the world bantamweight title for Australia and there is no dispute in his case. But there have been many other Australians who fought world champions, before, during and after the champions won their titles—and the Aussies acquitted themselves well. Furthermore, we have had many other boxers who proved, by their efforts against leading contenders, that they were at least the equal of reigning world champions in their time.

Griffo was the first Australian to win a world title. He also defended his crown against Murphy (and beat him again) and against a Queenslandier, George Powell.

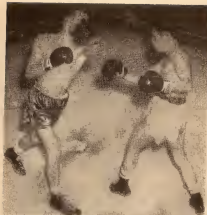
Griffo, raised at The Rocks, Miller's Point, was an effeminate man who couldn't even tell the time. But he could fight. He had an uncanny knack of making the opposition look silly with his brilliant boxing and more stories have been told about him than about any other fighter. Stories about him standing on a handkerchief and having someone throw a punch at him, which invariably missed; stories about his entering the ring drunk but still winning; stories about his ability to catch a fly out of mid air, release it and recatch it.

Griffo seldom trained. He did not train for his title tilt with Powell. It took place at the Sydney Amateur Gymnastic Club, York Street, Sydney and was advertised as being for the world professional featherweight title, with Griffo the defending cham-



Les Darcy won world middleweight title according to Australian authorities, but U.S.A. did not recognize his claims.

Griffo was first Australian to win world title. He also defended his crown against Murphy (and beat him again) and against a Queenslandier, George Powell.



Carruthers misses with a left, while Peggy Cook thinks: "There, glad they missed." Scene from their world title fight in Sydney. Carruthers won on points.

man. The winner was to receive \$200.

A leading Sydney boxing writer of the period, who wrote under the nom-de-plume, "Bacon-Mayer", wrote, a few days before the fight: "I hear funny little tales of Griffe 'sparking' that do not reflect well on his ability to resist the fascinations of the fair sex, and he cannot have benefited physically by those evening strolls in the Domain and Moore Park.

"The night air is not good for a man in training, especially if his companion is a girl with a beaded face, bustle and her hair in a plait down her back."

Despite these observations, the Club was packed when Griffe and Powell fought for the world title.

For the first four rounds, Griffe dashed Powell. In the fifth, he sped a chilling on the floor of the ring. It had been left there after a shower of coins for a preceding bout. Griffe stopped fighting and pointed to the chilling. Big Powell still couldn't hit him.

The fight followed the same pattern for 19 rounds. Griffe making a monkey out of Powell, with his dazzling boxing. But in that round, Griffe became careless: he stopped to blow his nose and Powell got home some good blows. This annoyed Griffe, who became a fighting demon, twice sending Powell to the canvas. In the 20th round, Griffe went on with the

job and Powell went down at one stage without receiving a punch. The referee said: "There, that will not do. I give the fight to Griffe." The official verdict was: Griffe won on a foul, his opponent being disqualified for going down without being hit.

Griffe went to U.S.A. and beat the best in the world in the feather and lightweight divisions, but did not receive recognition as champion in America. The American "world champions" saved their titles by having a clause inserted in the fight contracts with Griffe which stated that, in the event of the contest lasting the scheduled distance, a draw was to be the official verdict.

The next world champion to appear in Australia was Bob Fitzsimmons. Bob was born in Hobson, Cornwall, England and came to New Zealand when a boy. There he began to box in amateur tournaments. Then he came to Australia where he fought professionally. He suffered defeat here, but showed himself to be a mighty fighter.

Jim Hall, Australian middleweight, knocked out Fitz in Australia, but Bob went to U.S.A. and won the world middleweight title from Nipperell Jack Dempsey in 1910 and he made a successful defence of it against Jim Hall, knocking him out.

Still little more than a middleweight, Fitzsimmons entered the

heavyweight ranks, relinquishing his middleweight crown. On March 17, 1907, he won the world heavyweight title by knocking out the holder, Jim Corbett, in 34 rounds. He lost his title two years later to Jim Jeffries, then entered the lightweight class (now designated below the heavyweight) to win that title. That was in 1903 and Fitz was 41 years of age!

Fitz lost his light-heavy title to Jack O'Brien in 1905 and returned to Australia in 1909 to fight Bill Lang, then Australian heavyweight champion. Lang beat the old man by a knockout in 12 rounds.

In 1908, Australian heavyweight champion, Joe Goddard, fought Jim Jeffries in Los Angeles and was knocked out in four rounds. That was before Jeffries won the world title.

Australia claims Peter Jackson as a native son, as it does Bob Fitzsimmons, notwithstanding that neither were born here. Jackson was born in the West Indies, but began his boxing career here. In 1901 — a year before Corbett won the world title from John L. Sullivan, Peter fought a 61-round draw with Corbett. He never managed to get Sullivan in the ring with him, the great John L. refusing, poor blimey, to tangle with him. Jackson never got his chance at the world title, although he did fight another world heavyweight champion, Jim Jeffries. That was in 1905, before Jeff won the title and Peter was a consumptive at the time. He was knocked out.

Sullivan refused to meet another Australian, Paddy Slavin, who was Australian heavyweight champion around that time. One of the greatest welter and middleweight champions the world ever saw was the American, Kid McCoy, the greatest triangler the boxing game ever had — and the most married (he had ten wives). The Kid fought a few Australians. While world champion he disposed of Bill Doherty, Australian heavyweight champion, in nine rounds, in South Africa. That was in 1906. He fought a no-decision contest with Jim Hall; he outpointed Don Creighton in 1907 and he beat Joe Goddard on a foul the following year. Creighton also fought Joe Walcott, welter champ.

In 1909 McCoy knocked out another Australian, Steve O'Donnell. But Australian lightweight champion, Jim Barron, drew with him.

Australia has not fared well in the heavyweight division. Apart from Jackson and Slavin, who did not get a chance at the world crown, Goddard failed, Doherty failed, O'Donnell failed, Bill Squires failed and Bill Lang failed. Squires was a terrific puncher but could not take a punch that equalled his own. Three times he fought Tommy Burns for the world heavyweight title and each time he was knocked out — in one, eight and thirteen rounds respectively.

Sydney Stadium was built for a fight between Squires and Burns. Hugh D. McIntosh wanted to promote the fight, so leased a Chinese Market Garden at Rushcutters Bay

for the bout. The bout went on on August 24, 1908, but it wasn't the first fight promoted on the Bay — three days before, Peter Peck and Sid Russell fought, with Tommy Burns as referee. Nevertheless, the stadium was built for Tommy Burns and many a great fight has appeared since.

Burns took 18 rounds to dispose of Squire in the Sydney stadium, but lost his title at the same stadium to Jack Johnson on December 26, 1908.

In 1910 Burns outpointed Australian heavyweight champion, Bill Lang. It was not Lang's first fight with a world champion. He fought Jack Johnson in 1907 and was knocked out in nine rounds. That was early in Lang's career. And he did fight Burns for the world title in 1908 — just three months before Burns lost to Johnson. Burns beat Lang in six rounds.

Lang fought three world champions: Johnson, before the big Negro was the title; Burns twice for the title and once after Burns lost the title; Bob Fitzsimmons, holder of three world titles. But Fitz was ex-champ in the three divisions when he met Lang.

George Cook, who fought in almost every country in the world was another who fought everyone of note in the heavyweight division. George was the Australian heavyweight champion about 30 years ago and, like Lang, fought three world champions. But he did not fight for a world title. Georges Carpentier was a world light-heavyweight champion when he met Cook, but the bout was not for the title. Carpentier won by a K.O. in round four. That was in 1922. In London, eight years later, Cook was knocked out by the giant Primo Carnara, in two rounds and again by Carnara, in four rounds two years later. Carnara won the world heavyweight title in 1931, from Jack Sharkey.

In 1925 Cook lost a points decision to Sharkey.

Carpentier, the Mol of France, fought another Australian besides Cook. In 1910, he met a fighter who called himself Young Warner. Georges was on a foul. Young Warner recently renewed acquaintance with Carpentier, when he visited Europe and England in search of talent for Stadiums Ltd. Young Warner is now known as Jack Warner and is Stadiums Ltd. representative for overseas talent.

Les Darcy is a magic name in Australian boxing. He is the standard by which all champions and potential champions are judged. He won the world middleweight title, according to Australia, but you won't find his name in the record books of America.

It happened this way: Stanley Ketchel was world middleweight champion in 1908, but lost his title to Billy Papke. Ketchel regained his crown from Papke but was murdered in 1910. Immediately, Papke claimed the title and thus was ushered in the worst misrep in the history of boxing. Papke came to Australia and was beaten by Dave Smith, a New Zealand-

born boxer who was an Australian title and later taught Darcy the finer points. Smith was later beaten by Papke, but in the meantime, Papke lost his claim to the world title when defeated by fellow American, Cyclone Johnny Thompson, in Sydney.

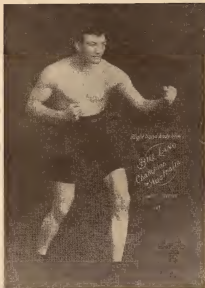
Thompson outgrew the gulch and Papke reclaimed the title. He defended it three times successfully, then lost it on a foul to Frank Klus. But neither Papke nor Klus was close to his claims to world honours. Eddie McGeochy, Fritz Holland, Jimmy Clabey, Jeff Smith, Frank Mastell and Jack Dalton also lodged their claims.

One by one they either strangled each other or were eliminated by Les Darcy. But, in 1913, George Chip took a share of the title from Klus and the American record books take the line of succession through that line. Yet, at the time, even America could not agree and most authorities favoured Mike Gibbons. Yet today,

Gibbons is not listed as world champion. It is all very confusing. It was then, too. That is why Australia tried to untangle the knot, with Darcy as the instrument.

Darcy beat Holland, Smith and every other important brought here. Fellow Australian, Mick King, beat most of them, too, and was recognised as world middleweight champion by some authorities in Australia.

Darcy beat King and on July 31, 1915, he knocked out Eddie McGeochy in a bout advertised for the world title. The following year he knocked out George Chip, but Chip already had lost his claim to the title to Al McCoy, a man who was beaten by nearly everyone before he finally lost his title to Mike O'Dowd, in 1917. Les Darcy was dead then — he died in May. The same year, aged 21. But there can be no doubt that Darcy was a world champion, if anybody is all there is to be considered. And he had as much right to call him-



Bill Lang fought three world champions — Jack Johnson, Tommy Burns and Bob Fitzsimmons, but only one was a title fight.



"Yeah, I know. Follow that cub."

self world champion (which he did) as any other contenders around 1934-15.

Frank Burns, father of George Barnes, who won the Australian welter title in 1933 and the Empire welter crown in 1934, was a great fighter in his day and knocked out Cusby. But Cusby was not a world title contender then — he was past his peak. However, Burns did fight a world champion — Ted Kid Lewis. The Kid was an ex-champion welter at the time, but owned a few lesser titles and Burns fought him for the Empire middleweight title. Lewis won two fights with Burns on points.

Lewis was in Australia before he won the world welter title, beating two Australian lightweight champions, Herb McCoy and Hughie McEgan.

In 1925 Ted Morgan won the world junior-lightweight title, an eratic division which found popularity in U.S.A. but few other

places for a few years. In Australia a five-year-old boy was playing in the back yard of his house at the time. That five-year-old boy later won the Australian lightweight title from Morgan. He is Vic Patrick.

Morgan was boxing in Australia in 1924 and was very popular. He always gave a good performance and had many battles here, winning some, losing others. He was, drew, lost and won against the then Australian lightweight champion, Jimmy Kales, lost twice to our welter king, Jack Carroll and finally won the Australian lightweight title.

Patrick won the title from Morgan in 1931.

During the late thirties three men who were to later win world titles fought in Australia. They were Gus Lernerich, Ken Overlin and Archie Moore. Gus was thrashed by Ken Richards, then our middleweight champion. But Gus gained a close verdict over Archie

Palmer, then well past his peak and on his final comeback. It was Palmer's only points defeat of his career and he — Palmer — four times beat Richards.

Two and a half years later, Lernerich won the world light-heavy title and held it for seven years. It is safe to state that Richards would have won the world light-heavy title in 1938, and the middleweight title before, Palmer, also, could have won a world title.

Fred Hennesberry, then past his best, beat Ken Overlin at Sydney Stadium. Two years later, Overlin won the world middleweight title. But Archie Moore beat both Richards and Hennesberry in 1940, when both Australians were on the wrong side of their primes.

Bob Ota, then ex-light-heavy champion, was in Australia and lost to Lernerich twice, but beat Australian heavyweight, Young Campbell.

Moore was unbeaten here in seven bouts. He twice beat Richards, once beat Hennesberry, stopped Australians Jack McNamee and Joe Delaney and beat Paurin Roca, Adolfo Sabatino. He went to Tasmania and beat an Australian opponent, Frank Landsey, but investigation proved that Landsey was a proven fighter who was boxing Moore under another name and Archie left the country under a cloud. He won the world light-heavyweight title in 1933, after being rated number one contender for that crown for seven years.

Coming to the lighter weights, possibly the best, or second best lightweight Australia ever had was Jim Barron, who boxed a draw with the redoubtable Gracie and also fought a draw with Kid McCoy — before the Kid won the world welter and middleweight titles.

Herb McCoy and Hughie McEgan have been mentioned, but in 1937 Australia's lightweight champion, Alf Hatch, went to America and met Henry Armstrong in his first fight there. Alf was ill at the time; it was in the middle of a New York heatwave. But he went on with the fight and was knocked out by Armstrong, who, shortly afterwards won three world titles. He became, in the small space of ten months, the only man to hold three world titles at the same time.

Alf found out something that a former triple champion of Australia found out some eleven years earlier: you have to be good all the time if you are a victor in the States. Eleven years earlier, Billy Graeme found out the same thing the hard way.

Graeme fought two world champions in Australia. Fido La Barba had retired as world flyweight champion in 1927, but made a comeback and came to Australia in 1933. He outpointed Graeme and knocked out our bantam champion, Billy McAlister.

Peter Sarraf, who won the world featherweight title in 1936, was in Australia in 1933 and twice beat Gracie.

Red Godfrey, one of the all-time greats in the lightweight division, took off good fighting weight to meet featherweight, Eugene Crigie in 1921 and was knocked out in ten rounds of hectic fighting. That one drew such a crowd to Sydney Stadium that Godfrey had to be passed over the heads of the ring-aiders to get him to the ring. Had Godfrey not had to make featherweight, he may have beaten Crigie, the Frenchman who beat all he met here — Vince Blackburn, Jackie Green, Bert Spargo, Jerry Sullivan, Godfrey (all Australians) as well as Filipino Salvador Jaminio and Desora Cabanilla.

The last-mentioned fight ended with the Burma-Bell fight in 1927, as the best fight seen in Australia. Crigie went to U.S.A. after leaving here and won the world featherweight title.

One of the best boxers to come to Australia during the past twenty years was the negro featherweight, Jackie Wilson. He was unknown here and he polished off some of our best talent — Joe Hall and Mickey Miller being two Australian champions he beat. He won the world featherweight title upon his return to U.S.A.

During World War I an Australian star blossomed overseas. He was Manger Evans. No one knew of him pugilistically, before he went to France with the A.I.F., but he began fighting over there and ran up a good record. One man he met was Jimmy Wilde, who has gone down in history as the greatest flyweight and one of the greatest fighters ever to don a glove. Evans taught him all the way and lost a decision which many booed. He also fought Crigie in 1918, but was knocked out in seven rounds.

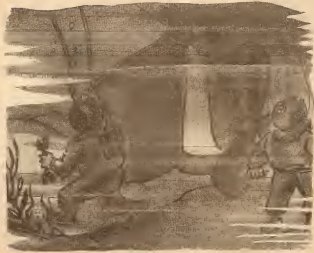
Evans did very well in Australia, rags after his return to Australia.

If Wilde is considered the greatest flyweight who ever lived, Benny Lynch runs him a close second. Some there are, indeed, who rank Lynch higher. Benny won the world title in 1925 and was still champion when he met Australian Roy Underwood, in 1937. Roy never was an Australian champion and was fighting in England when he got the fight with Lynch. It was not a title fight and Lynch won by R.O. in the sixth round.

There have been several periods in Australian ring history when our champions have met world champions. In the 1890's and early 1900's there were Griffin, Fitzsimmons, Jackson, George Dawson, Sam Harrison, Sam Hall, Joe Goddard, Steve O'Donnell, Dan Creedon, Bill Squires and Ed Lang. Then came the Darcy era, with the famous Les, Mick King, Hughie McMahon, Herb McCoy. There were the Roaring Twenties, and Red Godfrey, Jack O'Brien, Vince Blackburn, Billy Crane, George Mendles (the sought future champion flyweight, Frankie Villa, who took the title from Jimmy White), Manger Evans and Billy McWhirter tangled with Crigie, Villa, Gordon. There were the Golds in Thirties, when Ben Richards, Fred Haneyberry, Ambrose Palmer, Joe Hall, Mickey Miller fought future champions.

Then came the next era — the post World War II era. With it came Dave Sanda, who twice thrashed Carl Bobo Olsen — once in Sydney and once in Chicago. Sanda was a world champion in everything but name.

(Continued on page 48)



"Give us the oil if any demon come along, Ah!"





DOLL BABY

He had to have that girl. She was beautiful — she had class and she was the only girl who ever got under his skin — but there was just one hitch. She was married . . . to his father!

GROVE HUGHES • FICTION

MARVIN Johannes stared out of the window at the curtain of snug hanging below the Mel-bourned hills and let his father speak for the second time before he probably closed the wall thumbed biography of Mozart.

"Come here, huh Marvie? Looked her over myself."

He sighed. He disliked being called that by the tall assured man in the door. Acutely aware of his own five feet four and wavy brown hair, Marvin pushed the rimless glasses back up on the bridge of his thin sensitive nose.

The crudeness nauseated Marvin, like the persistent efforts to interest him in women. Now he was buying them for him and Marvin was revolted.

Marvin would have left before this, but there was the money problem. Next year he would have his degree and could teach music, could leave this house. Get away from both of them, especially his father, but his desperation too.

"How did you do with her, Marvie?" his father persisted.

"Some wasn't a musical student. You lied to me again." Marvin shook his head for emphasis and the glasses slipped again. His fingers moved them back up with a habitual jerking motion.

"She could make music, the kind a man needs," his father said and avidly.

"You wasted your money," Marvin said. "She told me and the filthy thing laughed at me!"

"Forget it, son."

"Forget it? Are you ever going to let me do things my own way? I'm twenty-five, you know!"

Marvin sensed her movement into the room. She favoured a special seat and it produced a catalytic action deep inside him. Delores was a sensual aesthete. She delighted in cooking and sewing, wanting to do her own housework, but Al Johannes wouldn't permit it. Music and jewels were for her, he insisted.

Romantic, full bodied and forbidden, she enveloped Marvin and he hated her for the strange feelings. Unaware of the allure, her attempts to be friendly excited him and he fought irritation to mask his agitation.

"Aw honey, you shouldn't have got up." Al said, concern saddening his tanned features, drawing his shaggy eyebrows into triangles.

"A wife should see her husband off on a business trip, doll baby," the throaty voice purred. "Three days in Denver is an awful long time."

"Doll baby" was the love name she used for Al. She brushed past Marvin and the touch of the neglige made him giddy. His eyes went involuntarily to the slope of rounded hips.

Delores at thirty-two looked twenty-one. Al Johannes was forty-eight and unfined and robust as any roundshot on the payroll of his huge Los Angeles construction company.

"I'll drive you to the airport," she said, teasing her proud head, the thick jet black hair rolling slickly over bare creamy shoulders.

"No need to. I'm dropping the sedan off at the garage and take a taxi."

Marvin tightened his under-slung jaw as they passed each other. He burned nervously to the door. "I'll probably go to Pasadena," he said.

"Sure" his father replied. "Can't tell what you might run onto."

Marvin ground his teeth and hissed harshly. "Why don't you let me worry about that?"

"Sure, sure. Just trying to be a father. Need any dough?"

"No. Have a good trip."

He alarmed a long play record of Beethoven's latest symphony on the hi-fi rig and let the mouse soothe his breathing. The clanking and unclenching of small teeth was a good feeling. But he would show him. He would show him.

After his father drove away, Marvin waited until Delores went back to her room and then he went downstairs and gave Mrs. Cherman, the cookmaid, the day off. She went happily and Marvin waited until she boarded the bus before he gulped down the brandy.

He would show his father.

The door was closed, but the knob turned in his moist palm. Her fragrance was strong, heady. He closed the door quickly, but that wasn't necessary. She was in the shower.

An unlit cigarette in his lips, he eased down in a chair and waited. He didn't wait long. She entered wearing high hair make with blue puffs of fur on the toes.

"You should have believed me," she was saying.





She didn't notice him.

And that was all she wore.

Delores held the bra in her hand and raised up on her toes in front of the mirror and was smiling at the sight when she saw him. She gasped and he came to his feet, the cigarette falling from his dry lips.

"Get out!" she screamed, grabbing the negligee.

Marvin had to look up to her eyes. It was those high heels. She backed away and stopped out of them as he angrily cracked for her. She shivered. Her smooth skin was warm to his touch.

"Have you gone crazy?"

Her screams increased him.

"He'll kill you for that."

Marvin laughed. He had thought about it. "No one is going to kill him."

She twisted in his arms. "I'll tell him," she protested.

"No," he said. "You won't say anything because I know about Chicago. He knows me, thinks I don't care for women. He'll believe me."

"Please, Marvin. You're hurting me."

"My date last night was named Sonia," he said triumphantly.

She stopped struggling. "A/s jealous, but he'll believe me."

"She lived in the same apartment house you did and she'll do anything for money."

"Marvin," Delores begged, crying softly now. "Please. I've told you I wasn't one of these women I know them only because they lived there but I didn't know what they were doing."

"Tell you something," Marvin said, "there's only one way I can get back at him for these cheap women he bought for me. I can take something that belongs to him."

"No," she said plaintively. "No, please."

He reached up and grabbed her reb hair, forcing her lips down to his and her eyes were

still resisting when he released her grip.

"Why don't you believe me, Marvin?" I was never anything but a secretary. All I want now is to be a good wife to your father."

She was unwilling when he stood later at the door.

He dressed in blue slacks and a yellow shirt, tossing his coat over his shoulders as he walked down the hall to her room. The door was locked.

The silence worried him. She might tell his father. His knees weaved from the anxiety and he held onto the wall for support. Soon he laughed and returned his confident walk to the garage. He had surprised her. He was proud of himself.

He drove to the beach and watched the muscle crowd exhibit their bodies. A blonde with heavy lips tried to do a handstand and it made him remember Sonia, and he frantically drove towards her hotel.

Delores could buy her off.

Last night started in his memory. Sonia had changed into a shortie nightgown and it startled him. She had said she was going into the other room for a record. She had loosened the belt and leaped forward, the top opening, and she watched him intently.

Her eyes became furious at his apathy and she had stepped clear of the gown and stood bravely in the subdued light. He had run from the room. She had laughed, the sound following him down the hall.

It wasn't a new hotel, had once had screen stars as its guests, but now the clerk had a fitting timeliness to his voice. He informed Marvin that Sonia had checked out. He seemed to recall she left in a convertible.

Delores had a new convertible and Marvin glared at the clerk before he went into a phone booth. Gadget minded, his father had installed an Automatic re-

calling setup that went on the line after the phone rang for over a minute. A voice would come on and ask the caller to leave a number. Also the ring recorded all conversations if the switch was left on and Marvin waited until the recorded voice started before he hung up.

So Delores had found her and was buying her off. The thought enraged him. Delores Morrison had been a secretary to a building materials manufacturer when Al Johannes met her a little over a year ago. Seven months later Marvin had found the letter with the apartment as a return address and read the childish writings of a woman named Marie Gallepo.

Marvin had obstinately gone to San Francisco, but in reality had been to Chicago and taken an apartment. Within a week he knew that Marie was a hundred dollar a date party girl. It didn't take any great degree of intellect to piece the story together. Marvin secured himself.

Confronting her with his new information Delores vigorously denied any association with Marie, but she was wary after that, eyeing Marvin furtively. For the time that seemed sufficient and he ended his impudence. Yet he was in a hurry. He didn't intend to share his father's money with anyone.

She wasn't home when he got back at three. He tried to read the Mozart biography, intended to the entire Boston symphony, but it was no use. Hearing her car in the garage just after six, he polished his glasses and waited for her at the door.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

She spun away from his hand. "I don't have to answer to you."

"What have you done with Sonia?"

"What?"

"She checked out of the hotel and left in a convertible. Now where did you take her?"

Dolores walked into the living room to the bar and poured herself a drink. She contemplated it before she looked back at him and smiled. "You really think I'm stupid, don't you, Marvin? I haven't seen her and I don't really care if you believe me or not."

"I think you're lying!" she said, finishing the drink and taking off her gloves. Methodically she snatched out her cigarette. "I've been thinking, Marvin," she added. "I drove for hours, just thinking."

He had no control over his

legs. He sat up to her and she pushed him away. She exaggerated the sway of her hips as she moved to the door.

"If he finds out he'll kill both of us," she said calmly.

Marvin swallowed abruptly. "I'm crazy about you, Dolores."

"You believe that about Chicago and still feel the same?"

Marvin nodded intensely. "It doesn't make any difference."

"I can't convince you?" she asked, shaking her head.

"I want you," he said. "I never wanted anything so bad."

"I'll talk to him. Get him to settle some money on you. Then

you can leave."

"I won't leave without you," he said firmly.

She poured another drink and then when it was gone she threw the glass into the fireplace and pivoted on her high heels. "All right, Marvin. I admit nothing about Chicago. But get this straight, I'm not walking out without the money. My share of it."

Marvin grinned strongly. "So it is true."

"This is your problem," she said brazenly.

(Continued on page 48)



"Don't be fooled by the way he puts on airs . . . he may look rich but he always orders hamburger."



Arsenic and Bonbons

John Dunning didn't believe in overdoing a good thing, but his sultry mistress had other ideas. She wouldn't let anything come between them — not even his wife.

HUGH LAYNE • FICTION

JUST what it is that attracts one particular man to one particular woman, and vice versa, often defies real explanation. It has not been provided exactly what the attraction was between Cordelia Brown Hocking and John Dunning the day of their chance meeting in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The reaction, however, was like striking flint against steel.

Dunning was a newspaperman out of Dover, Delaware, who had fallen into a good job as daytime manager of the Pacific Coast Bureau of the Associated Press. He was one of those men with sleepy, languorous eyes who always look as though they are either getting into or getting out of bed. When he focused those heavy-lidded eyes on the girl of the moment, he didn't have to say anything. She knew what he was thinking. It saved a lot of time and conversation.

The Press Association job, and in a way, Dunning's marriage to Mary Elizabeth Pennington, daughter of one of Delaware's most prominent citizens, had come about because of his good fortune in being footloose in the South Seas when a United States naval vessel blew up in the harbour at Pago Pago in the Samoan. Dunning escaped the world with his report of the explosion.

Upon his return to Dover, John Dunning found himself something of a celebrity, sought to the best homes and much sought after by local belles.

One of his most consistent hosts was John P. Pennington, former United States Congressman, highly respected attorney and the father of two beautiful daughters. The elder was married to Mr. Joshua Deane. The younger, Mary, unmarried, was a honey-haired blonde with a pretty face and trim figure. She was much impressed by the handsome young man's tales of adventure in the South Seas, gay life in colourful foreign capitals and his

talk of his future travels throughout the world as a foreign correspondent. Their marriage at Dover's historic Old First Church was the social highlight of the season. Shortly after the ceremony, the happy couple departed for the West.

Some of the steam of the wild Gold Rush days had given way to a certain respectability by the time Mary and John arrived in San Francisco. But there was still plenty of life left in the offspring of the gamblers, gangsters, prostitutes and confidence men, who had changed the geographi-

cal location of the Barbary Coast from North Africa to this city on the Pacific.

Most Easterners would have been shocked at much the newly-weds found. Mary was. But to John, it was just the beginning. He walked right in and taught the cotton-tails a few tricks he had learned in Paris.

Cordelia Berkle was just John's meat. She had dark, fringed eyes and more than her share of animal magnetism. Her slim figure met the requirements of the day; her waist was so tiny that a man could encircle it with his hands,





"What can I do? When I mention it, he says he needs the exercise."

and above and below it her proportions were ample and rounded.

The day they met, Cordelia was feeding pigeons in the park where handsome John peddled by on his bicycle. He gave her the eye and rode by as slowly as possible. Then when he turned to look back over his shoulder, he spilled on his face. Cordelia laughed. In less time than it takes to tell it, the two were wetting their whiskies and playing foosball at a park cafe.

Dunning outlined his career in none too modest terms; and Cordelia, not to be outdone, introduced herself as Mrs. Ada Curtis, the widow of a wealthy Britisher. John Curtis, to hear Cordelia tell it, her husband had left her plenty of money.

The fact that her true name was Adelaide Cordelia Brown Borkin and the closest she'd ever been to the British Isles was her home town, Brownsville, Nebraska, came out when she was in her cups shortly after that.

"I married Welcome Borkin when I was a mere child," Cordelia told Dunning. "We decided to go our separate ways some time ago. He's a successful banker in Stockton. He sends me a liberal allowance, but he never bothers me."

The first meeting in the park was the last at that locale. All future liaisons were held in her apartment.

Shortly afterward Dunning left his pretty wife, Mary, and took an apartment right next to his paramour's. He had the building's owner install an adjoining door between the apartments to ex-

pedite their amours.

Mary Dunning suffered in silence for a time. Then father Pennington sensed something amiss on the Coast and, under

the pretence that Mrs. Pennington was ill, asked Mary to return home and help nurse her mother back to health.

As if they needed it, this gave Cordelia and John even more opportunity to be alone. Their circle of playmates grew, and soon their Seaside-town apartments were the regular hangouts for what was later to be known as "bedie society". Their parties became the talk of the town; and the only thing that kept the police away was the fact that the carousing couple included in their revels the tenants below and on both sides of them.

When Cordelia and John threw a party, they barred no holds. It has even been hinted that Cordelia originated the strip-tease right there in San Francisco; it was her custom, at the height of these drunken orgies, to mount a table and take off her clothes, garment by garment, to the accompaniment of a phonograph and the wild applause and hand-clapping of the male guests.

It was small wonder that rose John eventually lost his job with the Press Association. There were two reasons. First, he was seldom sober enough to show up for work. Second, when he did manage to make the office, his expense account was padded with large and sundry items that could hardly be classified as furthering the business of the company. After that, Cordelia's allowance took care of both rents until the Spanish-American war broke out. In need of extra hard help, the



"Dig this chorus. Don't peel the pod, cokey, rubin'-dat get onto the flat. pat. Makes more sense, huh?"

Press Association manager put John back on the payroll and made arrangements for him to go to the Caribbean.

Cordelia put on quite an act when she heard the news. But there are times in man's lives when duty calls louder than passion, especially when the stag of eve has drunk his fill.

"No war lasts forever," John told her. "By the time the ink is dry on the armistice, I'll be back here with you."

He was lying through his teeth, because he had no idea of ever returning to San Francisco. Perhaps some friend should have whispered to Cordelia that a good thing can be overdone. Actually, John couldn't wait to put 3,000 miles between himself and his scorned friend.

Just before he left San Francisco, John received a letter from his wife. Mary wrote that her mother was much better. The same letter brought the news that she was going to have a baby. The wayward husband sent a sweet telegram when his train stopped at Salt Lake City. Mary met him in Philadelphia.

In that city of brotherly love, John Dunning stored those immortal if unoriginal words so often spoken by errant males. "I've been a fool," John said. "But that's all in the past. From this moment on, you will be the only woman in the world for me. I'll never return to San Francisco. When the war is over, I'm coming back to settle down with you and our baby."

Since at that time a divorce was about as pay with a fellow woman, Mary forgave John, pledged her undying love again, and warned him to stay out of the way of bullets.

John sailed for Cuba from Wilmington, and Mary went back to Dover.

Across the land in San Francisco, Cordelia Bodkin's fertile mind was conjuring up a plan to shorten the 3,000 miles that separated her from her lover. She'd read somewhere about Clara Barton and her newfangled "Red Cross" idea and how Miss Barton was, even then, administering to the wounded on the battlefields of Cuba.

The enterprising humanitarian petitioned the Governor of California for an appointment as a nurse for service in the war zone, and without waiting for a favourable reply, she plunged into an accelerated course in nursing.

Some with sense must have warned the governor that the wounded soldiers would be better off without her ministrations, for he instructed one of his assistants to write a nice note, thanking Mrs. Bodkin for her kind offer, but rejecting it.

Although Cordelia was greatly disappointed, she comforted herself with the thought that the nursing course had provided her with certain pharmaceutical knowledge that could, perhaps, be employed at some future date.



"It's a bouncing baby boy . . . whoopee . . ."

John Dunning found time between sending dispatches to the home office to write to both his wife and his mistress. It would be difficult to say which lady he fled to meet.

Meanwhile, the Spanish fleet had been bottled up in the harbor at Santiago de Cuba and destroyed by Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson when it was foolish enough to try to break out. On the land, the Rough Riders, commanded by Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, were making quite a name for themselves at San Juan Hill.

Then, three days before the armistice that ended the fighting, the John Pennington family in Dover, Delaware, sat down to an evening meal consisting of mountain brook trout, corn fritters and fresh peas. Present were: Mr and Mrs. Pennington, their two daughters, Mrs. Joshua Deane and Mrs. John Dunning; Mr. Deane and their son; Mrs. Dunning's baby in her high chair; and a grandson, Harry Pennington. It was the night of August 9, 1898.

Most of the table conversation centred on the delicious flavour of the trout and the victories of the Army and Navy in Cuba.

"John will be coming back soon," Mrs. Pennington said. "The Spaniards are helpless without their fleet. He won't have anything to write about once the armistice is signed."

Mary smiled sweetly, stood up and excused herself from the table. "That reminds me," she said. "I've a surprise for all of us."

She returned to the dining room carrying a gaily decorated pink box with "Bonbons" lettered across the top in gold. The children clapped their hands and shouted, "Candy!"

"Yes," Mary said, removing the top. "It just came today. This was with it," she added, holding up a pretty linen handkerchief. "And there was a note."

"From John?" Mrs. Deane asked.

Mary Dunning nodded in the affirmative. "The box says bonbons, but they're really chocolate creams," she announced. "John knows how crazy I am about them."

The box was a double-decker containing a top layer made up of sugary bonbons and chocolate creams. The bottom layer was mostly coronets, chocolate-covered fruits and nonpareils—small discs of solid chocolate upon which little white sugar dots had been sprinkled. Some of the pieces on the top layer were misshapen, but this was attributed to crushing, the result of rough handling in the mails.

(Continued on page 42)

THE DREAM BANDIT SAYS GOODNIGHT

That fake hold-up may have seemed a clever radio gag,

but the slugs in that thug's gun were no joke.

EMIL PETAJA • FICTION

DETECTIVE Sergeant Tom Grant walked down Hollywood Boulevard southing. The Old Man had blasted the whole department with his road tongue, and had piled a reputation for cleaning up cases plenty fast. Now a whole week had gone by since he started on this detail.

It was those cockeyed "Dream Bandit" robberies. The newspapers were making a Roman holiday out of it, poking fun at the police department. The commissioner didn't like it, not even a little bit.

This was how it started. Just one week ago an exclusive boulevard shop was touched for several G's by a plenty smooth character. The girl cashier described the "Dream Bandit" as tall, curly-haired, and ve-e-ry handsome. He was tugged in a tax, and was nice and polite about the way he flashed his red and asked her to please jerk over.

She did.

Three nights later it happened again. Around nine o'clock. Just before the Hollywood shops closed.

It was the sickness of the Dream Bandit's technique that got the commissioner's goat. And Grant's, too. His horn low but down hard as he retasted the bitter words the Old Man had flung in his direction.

It was Saturday night. If Grant didn't miss his guess the Dream Bandit was due to pull another stickup before it was over.

He scowled down at his watch. Five minutes to eight. The Dream Bandit showed up just before nine. But — where to look for him? He couldn't cover the whole boulevard.

"D'ya really think the Dream Bandit will be there, Max?" a feminine voice near him called.

"The sign says so, don't it?"

Grant blinched after the two girls, then looked up.

The big neon sign said, "Major Broadcasting Station." And the blue-fringed banner underneath said:

Tonight at Eight

Krieger-Krunch Presents Radio's Funniest Short Programme
We Want You to Name It or Beat

Tonight We Give You

THE DREAM BANDIT!

Tom Grant stared, then gave a low whistle. Like everyone else he knew the Name It or Beat programme. It was one of those wacky radio shows where people picked from the audience had to answer a certain question or else go through some sort of gag. It was strictly for fun. Usually the butt of the gag was himself a handful of bucks.

Grant squinted at the sign, then at the studio door. He had a hunch.

He stepped lightly up the curved sidewalk, and since he had no talent, flashed his badge at the usher. The boy nodded and stepped aside, wide-eyed.

He found a seat near the door. Pretty soon the red sign flashed to On The Air, and the gagster M.C. started speaking.

"I know how anxious you all are to meet the famous Dream Bandit," he said, "That's all the pap-

ers have been full of for the past week! So — let me present — The Dream Bandit!"

A curtain behind him slid aside. The crowd started roaring, Grant had to smile.

The guy back of the curtain was a peaked-off, pettifolled runt with hellish hair and a yellowish grin. It would have been hard to find anybody who looked less like the real Dream Bandit as the newspapers had described him.

"What's your name, Dream Bandit?" the M.C. asked.

"Mortimer."

"Would you like to earn yourself fifty bucks, Mort?"

"Would I?"

The crowd laughed.

"Well, then, here's the idea. You are to hold up the cashier at one of the Hollywood shops, just like the real Dream Bandit did. If you can convince her that you're really him, you get the fifty."

Mortimer looked sad.

"Cheer up, Mort!" the M.C. laughed. "We're going to help you. Now, bring out that curly toupee and a gun for our bandit!"

Grant watched them set a badly dyed wig of wavy hair on Mortimer and shove a very fake gun in his hand. The M.C. gave some last minute directions, then Mortimer was herded out.

"Now!" the M.C. told the audience, with a wicked chuckle. "Here's the gag! He doesn't know it, but there's going to be another Dream Bandit come in that shop while he's busy trying to convince the girl. And this Dream Bandit will really be tall and good-looking, so—"





Grant didn't wait. He was moving noticeably out, bent on following through his hunch.

Mortimer's trail led him off the boulevard and through a tangle of palm-lined streets, to a quiet row of brick buildings which were all dark except one. The last one in the row was lit up with a fancy neon sign reading *Loosey Tloosey Characters Are Made Here*. Strictly big money.

Grant had slipped a dime to the psychologist who was supposed to follow Mortimer and make sure he got back to the programme before nine o'clock. Flashed his badge, and promised to deliver Mortimer back to a certain bar across from the studio.

Grant had done a little reading on the subject of psychology himself. His hunch told him that the real *Dreams Bandit* wouldn't miss a chance like this to make a grandstand play. Like most criminals, the *Dreams Bandit* liked publicity. He had not only put on the big with fancy clothes when he pulled his job, but he had gone out of his way to court publicity — putting on a glum-sad-boy act.

On the other hand, Grant was thinking, that would be just a cover-up for his real personality.

From behind a palm tree he watched Mortimer's dumpy shadow bounce along after him as he peered through a street light's arc, and up to the front door of the cosmetics factory. The detective eased after him, phantomlike.

As he drew near the door he stepped over the crisp hedge and up to the window sill. He crouched so as to get a cross-over of the lighted hallway under the drawn window shade.

He saw a small foyer with a telephone parlorboard, and a long dark hall leading back. Right across from where he crouched was a small brightly lit retail cosmetics shop.

A rule blonde was sitting behind a cashier's desk, counting out stacks of green notes, preparatory to putting them to bed in the open safe behind her.

Her eyes widened, startledly, when she saw Mortimer walk up to the glass door of the swanky shop.

Grant froze when he heard a soft footstep behind him. His fingers tightened on his crouching. He whirled, but not quick enough.

He caught just a glimpse of a white tussle front and a trim white tie. Then something hard smashed down on his crown, and everything went black.

Inside, Mortimer was frothing sheepishly. "I am too the *Dreams Bandit*!"

The blonde only laughed. "You! I must wear glasses!"

"Better look over that dough!" Mortimer quavered.

"Better scream, talk, before I call a cop!" the girl told him, grabbing the telephone receiver off her desk and starting to dial. She was no partycrasher.

Mortimer turned out his fake gun and waved it at her. She grabbed it out of his hand and pulled the trigger. A misty spray of perfume filled the air.

She laughed bitterly. "That's nice, Umum." She stopped daling, and hung up.

"Now tell me, plump and paintless, what kind of a rib is this, sayway?"

The front door swung open abruptly. A tall, good-looking man in business evening clothes stepped in. He walked up to the shop, pushed the door open with white-gloved hands. Inside, he removed his top hat, and gave the blonde a little bow and smile.

Her hands fluttered a little when she said, "Can I help you?"

He flashed her a big smile. "I'll wait until you're through with this — gentleman." He looked

Mortimer up and down contemptuously.

Mortimer started in on the girl again, sulkily. "Don't you believe I'm the *Dreams Bandit*? Can't I convince you?"

The blonde laughed.

"Afraid not. Why, you don't look a bit like him. He's tall, good-looking, and has curly brown —" She let her lip — then did a double take in the direction of the tall newcomer. Her eyes bulged.

He gave a little bow.

"You're right, beautiful. This jerk can't be the *Dreams Bandit*, for the simple reason that I've heard. Now, I'll appreciate it if you'd just hand over those piles of bills please."

The man in the evening clothes spoke with a pleasant drawl, but there was a snappy undertone to his politeness. His gloved right hand stayed in his topcoat pocket.

The blonde gasped, leaning against the table.

"You!" Mortimer gaped, dazed. Then he began to chuckle and wag his forefinger.

The tall man frowned. "Better take a powder, butterball," he advised slyly.

Mortimer walked right up to him, still shaking his finger. "You're not fooling me, big guy! I'm on to you!"

He turned to the girl, who seemed petrified with fear. "Don't let him scare you, girlie. He ain't no *Dreams Bandit*. He's some ham actor from Major Broadcasting Studios."

"It's a gas! You see, I'm from the Name It or Buy Programme. This is all a stunt. You know how they always send somebody out to do some screwy thing, like sending me out to pretend I'm the *Dreams Bandit*. Then they always send another guy out to butt in and heckle him. You're no more *Dreams Bandit* than I am. Haha!"

The blonde tossed a sigh of re-



head.

The Bandit's handsome face twisted into an ugly, brutal snarl of rage. He forgot his smooth acting. He seized a handful of bills and crammed them in his coat, then grabbed up his hat. His red was painted at the two of them.

"So you're pretty smart, both of you!" he sneered. "Well, you won't do much squawking to the cops about what the Dreama Bandit really looks like, when you're stretched out cold on a morgue slab!"

His gun flared with death.

The pretty blonde shrieked. Mortimer fell flat on his paws.

Behind the killer, glass shattered. A bullet splashed through it, wounding the Bandit. He whirled, cursing.

The outer door was open. Framed in it stood Detective Sergeant Tom Grant. His face was grim. The gun in his hand was smoking.

His head ached. It was as if somebody was poking into it with hot needles. All he could see was a wavering blur in front of him. Then, as the blur cleared a little he saw the Dreama Bandit clutch his right shoulder and stagger against the glass partitioned wall.

Tom Grant straightened, shrugged off the feeling of nausea that waved over him from that clout on the crown, and stepped into the shop. His gray eyes turned to Mortimer, who was still huddled against the floor groaning.

"Did he hit—"

"Look out!" screamed the blonde.

Grant spun around. The Bandit had risen. He was clutching his gun with both hands, while blood from his shoulder wound matted the gray carpeting.

"I'll finish it this time!" he snarled harshly. Hot lead spat Grant's way.

He hopped. From the floor his gun gave out its brief song of death. This time the Dreama Bandit crumpled for good.

The detectives stood over the dead killer, while clamping footstems down the hall told him the watchman had finally awakened. He rushed in, groggy-eyed.

"What's up?" he asked. He saw the dead man and gulped. His red face went white.

The blonde was busy dialing headquarters. She got the Old Man and handed the detective the phone.

"Grant reporting," he snapped. "Wanted you to be the first to know, Chief. The Dreama Bandit is fast asleep for good. And guess who it turned out to be?"

"Who?" The watchman and the blonde reader chuckled.

"Smooth Talker!" Grant told them all. "And we thought he got his in Old three years ago! Yeah, Chief, he was all dressed up in a monkey-wuit and a brown party wig. Even had that scar painted on his nobody would spot him."

"Ray, Chief, I want to give some credit to a plucky girl here. She and a guy named Mortimer, kept him around while I was taking a little nap outside the window. Yeah, he attacked me from behind, but didn't take time to finish the job because he knew there was a watchman on the place. He was probably scared the last before, on a cold growl, and knew he had to hurry the job up."

"What's that, Chief?" He broke into a wide grin. "Oh, there's all right."

He hung up, still grinning.

Mortimer, who hadn't been hit, but just playing possum, said wondrously. "There's one thing I can't figure. I know they always send out a second guy to heckle. The afides, I mean. What happened to him?"

"Both of us ought to have guessed that," he told him. "Talker, alias the Dreama Bandit, found out they were hunting a double to use on the programme, so he volunteered for the job. They picked him, because after all, nobody could look more like the Dreama Bandit than he could!"

EVERY season, the sea takes a toll on the lives of skin and aqua-lung divers, who through ignorance find themselves in situations with which they can't deal. Police and Naval diving authorities believe that a more thorough knowledge of the dangers and hazards involved in diving would help materially in reducing the number of lives lost each year.

In the current issue of **AUSTRIAN OUTDOORS** there's a comprehensive article dealing with the dangers and diseases which face underwater enthusiasts.

In the same issue, there are details of a recently designed American pleasure cruiser, photos of the very latest developments in caravan design, and simple instructions on how to build a featherweight camping tent for two.

You can read all this, and more, in the current issue of **AUSTRIAN OUTDOORS**, the monthly fun magazine, on sale everywhere for 2/6.



"Wanna hear our song?"

ESCAPE FROM FREEDOM

(Continued from page 4)

"Did I say it? Did I really say it?"

"Impaled it."

"Oh, shut up."

John bent, retrieved the dropped brief-case. He hadn't meant to drop it in the first place; his hands had just snapped open for no reason at all. He snatched the flap, extricated the wastepaper, crushed it, threw it into an ash-can, known as a "bap", that opened by pedal. But the thing was busted, was always open.

"You kill me," Eva giggled. She gestured with the scissors at the brief-case. "Carrying sandwiches in that thing. Every day. Every working day. What for, Johnny, to look important? When you're on the bus do you hold the switch like it had a note to Eisenhower in it or something? Bet you do? Come on, admit it."

He suddenly sat down, exhausted, gazing at the dirty grey ceiling, at the bulb covered by a cheap plastic shade. He loosened his collar and he, puffed out air.

"Sometimes I think I must've been made to marry you," said Eva. "Wonder why I did?"

"Well, I know why I married you," he said, looking at her exposed leg. He shook his head at nothing.

"You looked good to me, before we married. Now there was a boy

who was gonna be rich. I thought Big businessman, Come penny director. Told me so your self, didn't you? We'd live in a mansion. I say, Johnny boy, call the servants will you — all ten of 'em — for I wish to recognize the staff."

Snap, went the scissors. Snap,

And John knew it was going to be a bad night. A tight night. Tight all over.

"I've been wondering whether we should build a new wing," said Eva, snipping. "Delish the positive, a new wing. But if we don't where will we put all the

"Shut up," said John, flatly, impassively, but tense inside.

Snap "Sure." Snap. "Anything."

Snap.

"Do you know to cut your nails right now?"

"They grow, you cut 'em. Or would you prefer me with talons? Talons might cut my neck, though, my neck aches. Leave to sleep in silk sheets, Lina's so vulgar. Even silk is vulgar. Mink is absolutely the only—"

"I'm going to shave."

He went into the bathroom, brushed wet stockings from his face, wet stockings always seemed to be hanging in there. He opened the cabinet, took out the shaving gear from the mass of lotions and powders and creams. The inside of the cabinet was filthy, the sides flocked with sooty...

He shut the door, shut his thoughts. He stared into the mirror. He hated to look at his own face; it was too old and strange, creased and tight.

Taking the shaving mug, he went into the other room, went to a gas-stove in the corner, lifted a shimmering kettle, filled the mug with hot water.

"Johnny," said Eva, "Fitzgerald's got two hundred in his room."

"Two hundred what?" he said stupidly.

"Notes, Cress. All in ones. Stacked. He likes to count 'em, he



"... and in the P.S. say that if he stays another year, I shall place an order with the mark elsewhere!"



"Hubert likes to just sit and think."

told me. Likes to feel 'em. In ones, he says they feel like a million. He pretends they're pennies. Saved it up, says he's gonna take it all one day and make a killing at the racetrack. The sucker."

John scowled back into the bathroom, not answering. Robert the mirror, he removed his glasses, wiped the lenses with his handkerchief, slid them back onto his nose and ears.

But his reflection didn't look any better. Sighing, he took off his coat, hung it on a hook behind the door, removed his shirt, stood there in his singlet and pants. Thin arms. Narrow chest. Or maybe he was exaggerating the wrong way. Because of Eva's attitude.

Figures were going through his mind. Red ink. Black ink. Thin cruel lines on paper. And the figures stretching into sterility, an endless road of figures. Part of him. His work.

Master R. N. Price owned the firm, often left the office early, carrying golf clubs, wearing bright sportshirts, on his way out to the open grounds. Never spoke to John. Didn't know John existed. And maybe that was

right, John concluded. Maybe he didn't exist. Maybe he just occupied space in the air. A small markman, dead. No one cared.

"Why don't we move from this dump?" Eva called.

He snorted, bathered his face. "No money, Eva. No money at all. You should know better."

"Is that job of yours," said Eva, thoughtfully, stily, "how long would it take to earn two hundred?"

He picked up the razor, cut a panel of lather from his cheek. Then he turned, her words hitting him.

At last, he answered, "Three months maybe."

"That's where you're wrong, Johnny."

He paused, then used the razor again.

"You could earn it in one night. Tonight."

He refused to completely face the thoughts slipping into his head. So he asked, "How?"

"Easy. Fitzgerald."

Her voice was suddenly close, and he turned at the waist, and he saw that she was at the door now, leaning on either side of the frame, arms wide. The kind ones gaped.

"And you know that Fitzgerald? Fellow has a room on the ground floor? It's got fifty. That'd be two hundred and fifty. We could get it simple, leave tonight, with the lot."

A vein was throbbing in his temple. "I'm not a thief, Eva. You know it."

Rolling her head, looking up from under her frowning brow, but smiling, she said, "You wouldn't do it for me? We could use that money to bet, Johnny, and who knows what amount we mightn't wind up with. A man—a real man—wouldn't hesitate. A real man's commit any crime, Johnny; he'd take what he wants. Like they did way back in history. Like those millionaires do today, some of 'em."

"No!" He used the razor too sharply, as he turned angrily back to the mirror, and he cut himself. He swallowed, "Damp."

She hands came either side of his head, scarlet-tipped fingers touched either side of the cut, and he could see her face behind him, in the mirror. Her voice was soft, luring.

"Wouldn't you do it for me, hon? For me? Prove yourself to me, honey, and things'll be different, nice, y'know? I recall you saying you'd do anything for—"

"I'm no thief, Eva. No criminal."

A thought was screaming through his mind, but he refused to hear it.

Her hands slid away. She stopped him, from behind, across the ear and it stung. He whirled, raised his fist fist.

"Hit me," she said. "But you don't." There was a moist laugh on her lips. "I dare you."

He lowered the fist. "Leave me alone. For God's sake, just go away, will you, and leave me alone."

His hands clenched either side of the washbasin, his head bent, chin on chest, eyes shut so tight he could see waves of blurring white on velvet black.

"You know what you are?"

He could imagine her, as she yelled; she would have a wide mouth, a gaping snout. "You're a nothing! There's a chance to prove you amount to something. Take it. Do this. Show some guts for once!"

"I will not steal that man's money," he said decisively.

"Aah! All right, don't. But in this living room. For the rest of your life."

He opened his eyes. Her eyes were wild, cheeks flushing; she was agitated—a witch.

"Remember when we were girls together," she said, her voice suddenly low, but savage. "You told me everything, Johnny boy. You told all. You was like a baby talking to his mother. Remember telling me about the night you had when you was a kid? Remember that?"

"I want to forget that. You better leave that lay, Eva. That was personal."

"Those kids knew what you



"There, if that doesn't scare the pants off the common cold, I'm a monkey's uncle!"

were. They chased you, remember? Telling, they chased you. Through the streets, and when they got you, they took the hat you were wearing, the golden cap you had on, and they threw it from one to the other—"

"Eva!"

"And you kept trying to get it back, and they kept hitting you, and throwing the cap. And you finally ran home without it, and cried. Remember? And not to mention—"

He hit the bathroom wall with his fist, and cracked the paneling. "Leave me alone!"

"Fitzgerald sneers at you all the time, and you know it. Like those kids sneered. And Fogarty. You know what he called you? An old man. You're twenty years younger than Fogarty, and he called you an old man! Work that one out, little boy."

"Says you've been pretty chummy with —"

"Sure. Sure I have. Even Fogarty's brother's you!"

"You don't mean that. If I thought you meant that . . . That's just another grade you use on me. That's all!" He seemed to be talking to himself, or to someone else inside himself.

"Do it," said Eva, and her voice was wheedling now. "Do it. Take the money. Take whatever you can get. Be a man, for God's sake. Two hundred and fifty. Don't be a fool!"

He looked at the paper in his hand. He didn't feel as though he had the strength to lift it. But he did. And his arm made the motions of shoving automatically. He refused to look at Eva.

"Fitzgerald keeps the money

on him when he works. He's got a money belt. And he keeps it on him when he sleeps, too. It's always with him. Always. Take it away from him, Johnny, and it'd be the quickest two hundred you ever—"

"And where does Fogarty keep his?" he asked. It was funny to hear himself ask this question, because it was the last question in the world he wanted to ask. My nerves are gone, he thought. Should see a doctor. Some doctor.

"Under the floor. In his bedroom."

The answer to the question.

"All the time?"

"When he's there."

In the mirror, he was dismayed to see himself smiling. He felt strange. As though he were spinning inside.

"So to get this money I'd have to . . . kill them. The money's always with them, so I'd have to kill them."

"Kill them? No. No, kill them. Hit them with something. I'd help. I'd get them occupied. With me." She smiled. "You know." Her eyes were staring into his, in the mirror, which was tilted over now. "And you could come in, quiet, and get them from behind. When they came out of it, we'd be gone."

"Wouldn't they call the police, Eva?"

"Fitzgerald? Fogarty? Call the police? Not them. They hate the police. You know the type. They might look for us ourselves, but they wouldn't go near the police. Wouldn't be game, anyhow. Not them."

He could see that cap flying in the summer air. He could see the jostling legs.

(Continued on page 45)



"We'll try the room for a day. I want to see what service I'm getting before I'd be interested in your weekly rates!"

MANHUNT AT

KENNETH L. SINCLAIR • FICTION

Rancher Hugh Winter was forced to join a deadly man-

hunt — to save the life of his most dangerous enemy.

IT was nearly dark when Hugh Winter returned to his cabin. He moved slowly down the trail, a big man with a falling axe slung over one shoulder, his body filled with the weariness that had been built up by days and weeks of unrelenting labour. Hard work, he had found, could come close to crowding the other things out of a man's mind.

Then he saw Nina Lamont sitting there on the porch. Some of the tiredness went out of him as his eyes scanned the lovely oval of her face. She jumped up and came toward him, both her hands outstretched—and even then he was remembering that he had lost her.

"Hugh," she said. "Why haven't you been down to see us?"

"Been busy," he told her. "Charlie's that back forty now." He could tell her that. He couldn't say that his planning had been to let the back forty wait a year while he built an addition to the cabin and made it proper for a wife—that was all changed now, since Clint Stineil had come to Storm Valley.

"You could at least have come by on your way out for supplies," she reproved. "Hugh, I—I've come to you for help. There's trouble in the valley!"

Another man might have had a quick and gallant answer. But it was Hugh Winter's way, and it always had been, to find a solid footing before he stepped ahead.

The girl gave her head a quick little toss of impatience and went on. "It's Clint—they're accusing him of something terrible. Poor old Mr. Morris was robbed, on his way back from the Rondo with the money he got from the sale of his beef cattle. And when he tried to follow the thief, he was killed! They're saying Clint did it!"

Hugh pushed back his hat and ran stubby, powerful fingers through his hair. There was no particular satisfaction in the news that Clint Stineil was in trouble.

It had been Hugh's opinion, un- hurriedly formed, that Stineil had been headed for trouble ever since he came up from the Grand Ronde.

The man lived high and easy, yet the nearest thing to work that he did was a little gambling—not enough to keep him in polish for the cavalry boots he wore. His thick handsome face, flashing smile, and his manners had set all the young girls to casting glances his way and asking questions about him.

Even Nina Lamont, Hugh had thought nothing of it, insofar as he was upon his plans. His home- stead up on the creek was forming up, he was getting a little money ahead, and soon he would ask Nina to be his wife. He was not a talkative man, and his reserve would keep him silent until he was thoroughly ready to speak.

Yet he had been seeing her regularly, and he'd been sure that a quiet understanding lay between them.

Clint Stineil took notice, then, of the fact that she was the prettiest girl in Storm Valley. After that, when Hugh had called, she was always off riding with Stineil, or going to go somewhere with him, her cheeks aglow with colour and excitement dancing in her blue eyes.

"I don't like it either, Hugh," her father told him. "But I reckon any young gal craves excitement. An hombre with flashy riggin' an' fancy manners, always quick on the trigger with a laugh, lures 'em like cat does a deer. You can't quick, Hugh—though I suspect you would be fit over you got in a tight an' cut loose. But you're asked, an' I'd a heap rather see her with you than with him."

Hugh tried once more, after that. He went alone to a dance to which Stineil had taken her, striving to cut in a time or two and to spend some time with her himself. However, just track of them for a minute he'd gone out on the balcony for some air—and mighty near bumped into them in the shadows. He

wasn't sure whether Stineil had been kissing her or not, but she hadn't been drawing back any.

Now she was taking his help, her words tumbling from her lips as she pleaded.

"Clint didn't do it, Hugh! He never would do such a thing. And he told me he didn't! But the sheriff tried to arrest him, and he broke away, and now he's up in Bear Canyon! They've got him cornered there, and he can't get out! He—he said he wouldn't let them take him alive—and when they go in there after him there'll be killing. Hugh, I know you don't like him, but you've got to do this for an innocent man. A long time ago you told me that when you were a boy you found an old foot trail over the wall and down into the upper end of Bear Canyon. Hugh, please get him out of there!"

"For you, Nina?"

She shook her head. "Forget about me. Do this because it's right. Do it to save the lives of a lot of those men who have joined the sheriff's posse."

Hugh looked down at her solemnly, there in the gathering dark. Her nearness, the eager pleading in her eyes, the way a straggling wave of her hair caressed her cheek, all brought back the familiar ache to his throat. She was as slim and lovely.

"I'll do what I can," he said hoarsely. Putting down the falling axe, he strode into the cabin to find and strap on his poncho. Then he went out to the shed for bridle and saddle, and on to the corral for his horse.

Nina was already there, reaching through the bars to let the photo-nicke her hands.

"Two-Spot is glad to see me," she said, glancing toward Hugh through lowered lashes.

All he could do was nod as he threw down the gate-bar. Nina had raised the pinto from a wobble-legged colt, and last Christmas she had given him to Hugh. Having an average stockman's

BEAR CANYON



He raised his arm to strike.



"He's too clever to put it in writing."

avenger to pirate. Hugh had found Two-Spot an eye opener. The horse not only looked fast and was fast, but he also had plenty of bottom to maintain his speed hour after hour on a long run.

Saddled and ready, Hugh helped Nina on to her own mount. Then he saw her honey after that he headed for Bear Canyon.

The methodical streak that was in him kept him from plunging headlong into this. At the lower end of the canyon, where it opened into the valley is an area that was scattered with huge boulders,

he saw the red glimmer of a camp fire and rode up to it to find Sheriff Dede Preston and five of his posse warming themselves.

"Lost time you was shootin' up, Hugh," the sheriff said.

"Then workin' my ranch," Hugh said, "an' just heard about this. You sure you're barkin' up the right tree?"

"Hell! He let out an' run, didn't he?" He's way up there at the end of the canyon right now, foisted up where he can cut loose at anybody that tries to get around the bend. In the mornin' we're bringin' in a wagon that the blacksmith's

fixin' up for us, with iron plates across the front of it. We'll get that fancy-talkin' son! Hugh, you better join up—you was reject right near here, know Bear Canyon better'n any of us."

Hugh shook his head. "I guess a manust ain't to my taste."

"It would be, if you'd seen what was left of pore of Pete Morris!"

"I heard you collared Schnell, but he broke away from you. Did he have the money on him?"

"Hell, no—he's too slick an hombre for that!" Preston said. "Knocked me down right there on the street in front of my office,

any then he run for it!"

"I don't savvy how you're so sure he killed Morrie, is—"

The sheriff swore. "He run for it, didn't he? Besides, none one other man in Storm Valley that would do such a thing—they're all folks like you, Hugh. Folks that work for what money they get. Your neighbours an' mine. There's nobody but that law... Stinell to consider."

Hugh shook his head, the glow of the fire falling upon the stubborn planes of his face. "I reckon I want no part of this, Dede."

The sheriff's brows lifted in surprise. "All right, then, just be damn sure you keep out of it! If you aim to take Stinell's side after the way he walked your gal out from under your nose, you be mighty careful!"

The moon came up shortly after midnight, giving Hugh the light he needed for the slow and dangerous climb up to the foot trail. He'd had to circle around for several miles to reach the end of the trail, and he had left his Pinto ground-hitched in hazel brush for concealment.

Looking up at the Wall from below, no one would have suspected the presence of the trail that had been built by some forgotten prospector. Mostly it followed natural ledges and crevices. In several places it had been wiggled out by shovels and falling rock, forcing Hugh to inch his way from one precarious foothold to another.

It was dawn when he topped the Wall and started down into Bear Canyon. It was near-thirty when, having spotted Stinell crouching behind the outcrop that concealed him from the canyon floor, Hugh worked into position and dropped the last ten feet to land directly behind the hunted man.

Stinell whipped around as if he'd been struck by a rattler, his breath hanging between his teeth as he stared at the gun in Hugh's hand. He would have brought his rifle around to firing position, but the greenness in Hugh's eyes stopped him and he let the weapon sag.

"Where in Mazes did you come from?" he demanded.

"Over the Wall. There's a trail, mister."

Stinell licked his lips, let the rifle slide from his fingers and lifted his hands. "I guess that's it," he said, with a one-sided little smile.

"No," said Hugh doggedly. "I ain't. Not if you're clear in this thing like Nita says you are. She sent me to get you out."

He'd flooded Stinell's handsome face. "Then let's get moving, man! These fool lawmen will come up the canyon any minute!"

Hugh shook his head. "They'll wait till the light's in your eyes. If you didn't kill Morrie, then just why did you run for it?"

Stinell shrugged. "What would you have done? That blockheaded sheriff searched me and found none of Morrie's money, yet he aimed to hang me anyway. Morely because I'm the only stranger in the valley. I'm elected! I choose

to pass, mister." He lifted his hands again. "If it will convince you, go ahead and search me yourself!"

"No, I'll have to take your word. Leave that rifle there an' follow me—you'll need both hands for climbing!"

"But my horse is down there—"

"Can't take a horse over this trail. Once we get down the Wall you'll have to ride double with me till we find you a mount." Hugh was wrestling with a subtle feeling of alarm, a feeling that for once he was stepping out on the wrong footing.

Or maybe, he reflected as he climbed, that feeling was something else entirely. Maybe it was the temptation to turn and throw the gun on Stinell, shoot him if necessary, and take him down and turn him over to the lawmen. The fancy notion would be one of the way, then. Maybe Nita would forget him after a while . . .

He shook his head as if to rid himself of the thought. Nita had made her choice, and it would have to stand.

It was mid-afternoon when they got down the Wall and sought out Hugh's Pinto in the hazel brush. Stinell ran narrowed eyes over the horse and said, "He's got the look of a fast pony."

"He is," Hugh stooped to pick up the reins.

The blow was struck then. Utterly without warning, it caught Hugh along the right side of his head—Stinell must have been carrying some heavy object, maybe a short length of iron rod, for such a purpose.

It filled Hugh's head with blinding, paralyzing pain. He felt himself fall heavily to the ground, yet he could do nothing about it. He still could hear, still could feel Stinell yank the slogan from his holster, but all control of his muscles seemed gone.

He heard Stinell laugh softly. "Sorry, my man! You've given me

a good fast horse and a gun—I could kill you, you know, but out of gratitude. I'll just leave you alone while I get out of your damned valley."

A roaring wind in Hugh Wintler's head now. He felt a red fury crowd back his pain, and he pulled his legs under him and reeled up to his feet, his eyes fixed upon Stinell's mocking, flashing smile.

But then Stinell struck at him again, this time with the heavy barrel of the sngun. And he was driven down and down by the impact of it, into blackness.

The hazel thicket was empty when at last Hugh Wintler stirred and lifted his throbbing head and forced his eyes to focus. By the sun, he had been unconscious perhaps an hour.

Dried blood matted the hair above his right ear. He felt of it cautiously, then, anger rising within him, he came to his feet.

Stinell would be seen, riding out of the valley on the Pinto horse that all would recognize. All would know that it was Hugh Wintler who had helped the man get away.

Everything that he had won, everything that he had built toward his future in the valley, had been gained the slow, hard way. Now it would be quickly gone—the respect of his neighbours, the acid start of what he'd hoped would be a great ranch.

He'd be paid, of course, for helping a killer. A good man couldn't meet his debts, so the ranch would have to go.

He swore bitterly, calling himself a fool for getting into this thing.

Then his thinking swung back to Nita, and his breath was cold in his throat. She was dazzled by the Stinell homere, he reckoned. Right now, she could be riding out of the valley with him . . .

The choice was here, of course. But it was Hugh's stubborn way to see that she knew all the facts about the man before she left.



stiffly erect figure that made Hugh's pulse quicken.

The sunset hung its first crimson into the sky, over the Blue Mountains to the west, as he rode up to the station. Nita caught the sound of his horse, turned her head quickly and gave a low cry of warning.

"Hugh! Get back—he's in the station there. Getting Morris's money where he had it cached!"

"Then," Hugh said gently, "you know about that now."

Her chin came up. "Yes. He stopped me on the way back from town, and told me that I was leaving the valley with him! That women didn't know their own minds, and that a man had to make them up for them! I asked him where you were, how he happened to be riding your horse, and he said that you'd sold him the pinto. I knew then that he was lying—you never would sell Two Spot, Hugh. I told him so, and he grabbed me and said it wouldn't hurt to have a girl along to keep Preston's posse from shooting at him if it came to a fight."

"Get back from here, Nita," he said.

"No, Hugh, you've got to know that—that I've been a fool. I never could love Cline. It was just that he was interesting, and I had some silly girlish notion that if I seemed to favour him it would stir you up a little. And I was so sure he hadn't killed Morris—he fooled me."

He nodded, and strode on toward the station.

There was no sound made.

Puzzled over the seeming emptiness of the place, he moved forward. Then he remembered that there was another, smaller room to the left, and he swung sharply toward the connecting doorway.

Cline Stiehl was there, standing in the shadows with his one-sided smile flashing as he levelled the gun he'd taken from Hugh.

"You are a stubborn one, Wint-hur. I heard you ride up here, but I wanted no sound of gunfire in here—"

Hugh dropped to one knee, twisting his big body to bring the .44 into line, and fired, all in one fluid movement that was quicker than he'd ever dreamed he could have made it.

Stiehl fired too. But he was too sure of himself, too sure that the rancher would stay safely in place. His shot went past Hugh's bent head.

Then Stiehl's brittle pose was shattered and gone, smashed by the .44 slug that drove him back and down . . .

Hugh heard Nita's scream, out side. Heard her come running up the porch.

He went out there with the current of his nostrils running strong within him, to take her in his arms and tell her that their waiting was ended.



He started running then. After a hundred yards or so he was forced to slow down to a walk to ease the throbbing pain in his head, but he kept going. At the first ranch he came to he borrowed a haltered horse without the formality of asking and he rode bareback, guiding the animal Indian-fashion with his knees, to old Sam Lamont's place.

He found the retired stage driver bobbing about in a state of worried excitement.

"Hugh, I don't know where she's at!" Old Sam told him. "She's been restless all day, an' about noon she saddled her horse an' said she'd ride to town an' be back in a couple hours. She ain't showed up at all! Hugh, I hear that Stiehl hombre got out of Bear Canyon somehow. Do you reckon she—"

"I don't know. Sam, give me a gun."

The oldster took a .44 from the mintel, checked the loads, and handed it to Hugh. Wordless now, he scanned Hugh's face.

But Hugh merely nodded his thanks, and wheeled and strode out to his borrowed horse.

Hugh took the road toward town, following the tracks of Nita's horse in the heavy dust. Something over a mile from the Lamont place he came to the spot where the tracks were obscured by a jumble of others.

Some of them had been made by Nita's horse, returning from town and halting here and wheeking as if its rider were uncertain and confused. Others—he recognized them as the tracks of his pinto by the worn condition of the off-hoof shoe that he'd been meaning to replace—emerged from a side-trail and blended with the pattern in the road.

Hugh followed that sign, grim lines creeping into his face.

He caught up with the two horses at the abandoned way-station on the old stage road to Grand Bonds. The horses stood stock-still, one of them riderless, the other carrying a slim

HOW GOOD ARE OUR BOXERS

(Continued from page 19)

From 1946 to 1952, when Dave was killed in a truck accident, the world champions in the mid lightweight division were Rocky Graziano, Tony Zale, Marcel Cardan, Jack La Motta, Ray Robinson, Randy Turpin and — Noto Olsen.

And Dave could have beaten the lot of them. His story would fill a book, but suffice to say that he did beat Olsen, who beat Turpin. And Dave always was sure he would have beaten Robinson. Jack Solomon, the British promoter, told me when I asked him who would win, Sands or Robinson: "Sands would beat Robinson—definitely."

The others would have been made to order for Sands and I asked American welter, Walter Harris, who twice beat Freddie Dawson in America but lost to him in Australia, and who acted as a sparring partner for Dave Sands in America, what he thought of Dave.

Harris told me: "He had the most educated left hand in the business. What a brilliant boxer Sands was."

When I told him Dave was considered a fighter more than a boxer in Australia, Walter was amazed. "Don't tell me the guy could fight as well as he could box! What a mess!"

And when I told him that Rocky Graziano nearly came here to fight Sands one time, he stared at me. "And what," he asked, "would Graziano be doing in the same ring as Sands?"

Jimmy Carter and Bud Smith were two lightweights who came here after the war. Australian lightweight, Norm Gent, outpointed Carter, but he beat Bertha Hall and Charlie Ashenden. That was in 1948. In 1950 he won the world lightweight title.

Bud Smith was here in 1952 for four fights. He beat our lightweight champion, Frank Flannery but lost twice to George Barnes, who then was just over the lightweight limit. Smith was heavier than Barnes on both occasions. These were hard fights, and there was no doubt of Barnes' superiority. Smith had one more fight here — knocking out our welter champion, Lou Dittmer.

In 1955 Smith won the world lightweight title. Barnes stayed in Australia, instead of going to America in search of world honours and won the Australian welter title in 1953 and the Empire welter crown in 1954.

But the best lightweight champion to come here in the post war period was Joe Brown. He knocked out our Australian lightweight champion, Jack Hossain, then did the same to Bernie Hall. He did not get his chance at the world title until 1956, when he beat Smith for the crown.

All in all, Australians haven't fared badly against world champions. Griffo fought five of them and more than held his own. Darcy beat the world in the middle-weight division. Sands, Barnes, Richards, Henneberry, beat world champions. Barron, Dawson and others held their own.

Then, of course, there was Jimmy Carruthers. Jimmy won the world bantam title by a K.O. in one round from Vic Toward in South Africa in 1952. He defended his title against Taseel, Feggy Gault and Channum Sangkharat and retired undefeated. He had only 10 professional fights during his career and four of them were world title fights. When he retired, he did not even have a draw to tag his unbeaten record. Only retired heavyweight champion, Rocky Marciano, besides Jimmy, retired without a loss or a draw against his name, in the history of boxing.

Carruthers fought Bobby Strin, Australian bantam champion, when Jimmy was world champion. Car-



CLM B



"Miss Fitz D'Amour and her latest sucker!"

ruthers won on points. Sinn also was outpointed by Mario D'Agata, later world champion.

Looking through the history of Australian boxing, we had other boxers, apart from the ones who fought world champions, who would have excellent chances of winning world titles.

Jack Carroll, writer, proved, by the case with which he beat world leading contenders, that he was a probable world champion, had he got his chance. Jack Holmes, middleweight, was a title chance probably in 1930. Merv Blunden, bantamweight, was rated number one contender for the world bantam title, as Carroll was in the welter class. Annette Palmer was a definite world light-heavy title

chance and was highly rated by Americans. Then, of course, Richards and Homberg, who beat future world champions, could have won world honours, for Australia had they gone overseas while at their respective peaks.

All those Australians just mentioned, fought during the thirties. We had world rated boxers before — most of whom have been mentioned earlier in this article.

Since the war, we had Vic Patrick, who, in 1944, would have had an excellent chance of winning world honours. He was pegged his best when beaten by Freddie Dawson in 1947.

Dave Sands, as already stated, would have been a certainty, which

Glen acknowledged when he won the world title. He said: "This title should have belonged to Dave Sands."

Australia has had some great fighters. There have been others, who, while not quite good enough to annex world titles, were in world class, but there are too many names to mention.

What has happened before can happen again. We have not a world rated fighter at the moment who could go on to world honours, but we are nurturing a young middleweight who will reach the top. He is Olive Stewart. And others will follow in years to come. Maybe even next year a young potential world bantam will rise, Australia as a fighting nation.

ESCAPE FROM FREEDOM

(Continued from page 21)

They'd caught him on the way home from school. He could have forgotten it, if Eva would only stop reminding him. Each time she did it, the scene became more vivid, and he became emotionally involved, feeling all the feelings he'd experienced on the day it had happened. He burst with shame, fear, revulsion at himself.

"Will you do it?"

He heard her, but her voice seemed as though it came from far away, or under water.

The cap flying. The laughter. The names. Mothers-bey, others, worse. Why had he told Eva that? Why?

"I'll leave you if you don't do it," she said.

Her lip was flicking back over her teeth as she stared at the back of his head. He straightened up, and the razor clattered into the basin. He pushed her aside, went through, into the room. He stood by the table.

"You're right," he said. "Hear me I was a man. Your time."

It was getting a little dark. The windows across the street were scarlet in the sunset. And John felt as tight, right throughout his body and brain, that any moment he expected to just snap—by apart, like an overworked machine.

"Your time," he repeated.

His head moved jerkily as he stared around the decaying room, as though he were looking for something important.

"Do it tonight," he said. His voice was tight, too, and hard, and Eva smiled, seeing the change. It was as though he were a different man, her kind of man.

"Fool cold," said John. "Bottle, too. Frozen glass. Like frozen glass."

He felt foxey, too. Smart as hell. He knew. He could see things others didn't. And he knew this wasn't as abrupt a change as he had at first thought. It had been coming. There had been flashes of it.

He walked—almost strutted—across to the bed. God, he felt cold. He glanced quickly at Eva, smiling.

"You know exactly where their money is, Eva," he said. "How come? I mean, how come you know, Eva? Tell me."

"They talk easy," she said, coming across.

"You better get ready. Get into something amusing."

She was already at the closet, choosing clothes.

"How'd you know he keeps his money left on him all the time, Eva?"

"I just told you. They talk easy."

"Don't talk to me easy, Eva."

His hand found something on

the bed. A glittering thing. Holding it, his fist seemed to have a silver back. The eye-like windows across the street were pink now. Pink.

"You must have been in their room, Eva," said John pleasantly. "Otherwise you wouldn't know about the money. You're not pretending this time, are you? Not just trying to needle me how many others, Eva?"

She turned as he walked to her.

His hand was high. The evil silver back gleamed. The admirer.

"How many?"

But—it seemed funny—he didn't give her a chance to answer. Ask a question and didn't give her a chance to answer.

Still.

A voice, and what it said was important, the only thing that mattered in the whole world. Someone was screaming. Didn't know who, exactly—didn't want to know. Didn't care. Sounded high and thin, like maybe one of those jerky boys who'd tossed his cap in the air.

Still.

When he straightened from the thing on the floor, he felt very calm, relaxed, a different man.

Eva's man. Commit a crime, she'd said. Well, he had. And he was the type of man, now, that Eva would admire. But she wouldn't get the chance to admire him. Not now. Take what you want, she'd said. Well, what he'd wanted was peace, and now he had it . . .

Later, a man walked into a police-station nearby, walked up to the desk. The man's shirt was stained, and he told the sergeant he had committed a murder. He told the policeman everything, his voice easy, free of tension.

After that, there was the doctor, who said something about John having a "split personality". He said it wasn't John's fault, the murder—he said someone or something must have brought the brutal personality up, and that something or someone was the real murderer. Which was funnier still—Eva murdering herself.

A detective said he didn't believe in that kind of thing. John did, though.

But he made no comment. They could say anything they liked. Anything. He just didn't care about anything any more. He seemed totally relaxed, in his new world.



DEATH



There was a threatening glint in the blacksmith's stare. "You shouldn't have murdered my boy, Sanders."

ANGUS MacDill was a big man, a shaggy bear of a man, with shoulders and arms packed with muscles that a lifetime of toil had given him. He had a large head and a thick mass of black hair, and at most times his expression was that of a man who thought only of his work and the profits it would bring him.

But his expression was different now. It was dried out and deeply bitten by scum of bitterness, and there was a dull look of shock in his eyes as he listened to the sheriff's story.

"It was the hellion stage they were after," Sheriff Erskine said.

"They didn't care how they stopped the stage, and they proved that the way they worked it. You know how fast the drivers take the stages down the Mammoth grade, Angus?"

Angus MacDill nodded.

The Sheriff's oath was soft and bitter. "They had a wire strung low across the road. The team hit the wire, and the stage was spilled into the gulch. The driver and one of the guards were killed outright at the fall. The other guard was thrown clear, and he tried to put up a fight. That's why I had to come and see you, Angus."

Angus MacDill punched the

tongue into the fire again, then he forgot about the healing river and put the tongue down once more.

"My son was riding guard on that stage, Sheriff." He spoke slowly, without moving his lips. He looked across the blacksmith shop to the hat hanging from a wall peg. The hat was too small for his big head; his son, though, was a smaller man. Angus looked dully away.

"You was riding guard," he said emphatically.

"That's what I know, Angus. It's why I came here when I should be out with the posse hunting them outlaws. Your boy is

IS MY DESTINY

the one who lived long enough to get in a few shots at the men we're hunting. He never hit any of them, I guess."

There were soft eggs of sweat on MacDill's forehead, and he ran his work grained fingers through the moisture and into his hair.

"Joss never was worth a damn with a gun. Not even with a shotgun." He moved his heavy shoulders. "I should have spent more time teaching him."

"It wouldn't have done any good," the sheriff said quietly. "Your boy never had a chance. They got him whupped, and he didn't have a chance. After that they loaded the bullion on to mules and headed into the hills."

Angus MacDill started to take off his leather apron, and then without thinking reined the thought. Work was his nature, his only appetite in life. He found pleasure in sweat and in heaving his big muscles against the hot iron that went through his lungs, and he found satisfaction in the meagre profits of his labor. He wouldn't have been comfortable without forge flames snapping his nostrils, with oil the leather apron laid around his middle. Even the knowledge that his son had been murdered could not make him close shop for the day. He had to have something to do, and closing shop would not bring Joss back to him.

He stood there beside the forge, remembering his son back through uncounted yesterdays. It had been a hard pull since Joss's mother had died. He had followed the mining camps, moving on as new strikes were made and the old were forgotten, never searching for gold but settling up his blacksmith shop with a sunny eye toward getting trade from the mine companies and the freighters who travelled the mountain roads.

This location had been the best of all, with branding irons to be made and horses to be shod for the ranchers beyond the line, in Nevada Territory. And there was work to be done for miners, wagon tyres to be shrink and rough-lock chains to be repaired for the jerkin freighters.

His shop was on the roof of the pass, with the gentle grades coming up to it from the west, and the deadly switchback road plunging into Baldie Canyon, to the east. Freighters were out wheel tyres on the rocky stretch of road coming up from Sacra-

mento, and they hurred out roughlocks and put a dangerous strain on their chains when they went down the west pitch of the dike. It was a good place for a blacksmith to have his shop.

Standing there beside his forge, Angus MacDill heard the explosive popping of a freighter's whip, the sound rising from the west slope of the pass. That would be, he decided absently, Macie Henderson's outfit piling for the Nevada mines with supplies for Sacramento. Listening to such sounds had become automatic with Angus MacDill; it was a game he played with himself, identifying the jerk-timers and their whip-poppings, and mentally judging the speed of the waggons and the load weight they carried.

He signed and looked again at Sheriff Henshaw. "How much bullion did you say that gang got?"

"One load of a lot," the lawman said bitterly. "Close to a hundred thousand dollars in gold bricks."

MacDill brought up his big hands, expressed them tight. He worked hard for the few dollars he earned, and so much money was beyond his understanding. He could imagine that much money only in a mental picture of the rich yellowness and the solid weight of gold bricks.

"There would be a lot of weight in that much bullion," he said.

"Maybe four hundred pounds," the lawman said grimly. "That's not much when you've got it loaded on mules. The outfit headed south into the mountains, and then doubled back through Lost Indian canyon. We lost their trail in the rocks, but it's a sure bet they're heading toward Canada."

MacDill frowned and wagged his shaggy head. "Maybe they doubled toward the east, or could be they'll try to get into Nevada. I reckon that's what I'd do."

"It's why you'd get caught and they won't."

MacDill was at his place in the shop's door when Mac Henderson's outfit topped the grade and pulled into view, two huge waggons trailed by a curved-topped coaster. Henderson strode beside his leaders, a tall, angular man with a grin that was broad and loose. He pulled in his team to give them a breather, and slurred his dry amusement at the blacksmith.

"Never saw you when you wasn't in your deer lookin' for your next dollar, Angus."

MacDill rubbed his jaw, pointed

at the wire wrapped around the lead waggon's wheel tire and yelled, "I never knew you to put much shock in Mormon buckskin, Mr. Henderson," he said, and a sunny glint crept into his eyes. "You throw that tyre on the Sundie Grade, and you've got trouble for yourself. You'd better let me shrink it for you."

The freighter frowned and shook his head. "I'm pulling a rash shipment for a Nevada company. Can't spare the time."

Angus MacDill's smile was slow and shrewd. "Throwing a tyre and maybe breaking a wheel is poor business. I can change the wheel for you if you can't wait for me to shrink that tyre."

Henderson rolled his long short-whip, and turned it in his hands. He scouted at the wire-bound wheel tyre, then looked briefly at his waggons. He cursed wryly.

"The hell with it! The rash I'm in, I'd just have to take the chance."

He turned, and watched the big Scott herd at the waggons to examine the chains that controlled the huge blocks of cottonwood that were fastened so they could be clamped hard against the wheel tyres and brake the waggons on steep down grades. MacDill straightened, shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"I've been thinking for a long while that I might turn an extra dollar or two by maybe starting a funeral service as a sideline. Sudden canyon is the worst grade in the mountains, and you might be my first customer, Mr. Henderson."

The freighter's mouth tightened, and he stared narrowly at the blacksmith. "Now what are you driving at?"

"You've got a weak link in your rough-lock chains, Mr. Henderson. If that breaks while you're on the hill—" MacDill wagged his shaggy head.

Temper clouded the freighter's dark eyes. "Damn a Scott and his eye for a dollar!" He looked briefly at his waggons, at the sheriff's broad grin, and then into the blacksmith's shrewd eyes.

"All right," he said harshly. "To hell with the wheel tyre. You can fix the chain, MacDill, and for once let's see how that you can get the job done. Talk less, and you'll get an extra dollar for your work."

MacDill removed the roughlock

(Continued on page 54)

"You made a bad bargain for yourself, Henderson. It takes

more than a poke of gold to pay the price for — murder."

The second he can get back to on the night o'clock plane. I'll be back at dark and help you set it up."

"You want me and the money, she said and snip."

"The only way for me now. She muttered her lips. Her eyes narrowed as she weighed his statement, then shrugged and looked very helpless. "You're sure it's the only way?"

"Yes," he said and felt the pressure of her fingers on his head.

He quickly packed a bag and made sure that Mrs. Cannon saw him leave. He offered to drive her to her daughter's home in Long Beach, but she said she would just go home and rest.

In Santa Monica he made the call to Denver from a phone booth. He broke the connection when his father started to angrily ask questions. Marvin carefully cleaned his glasses and pushed them up on his nose before he went back out to his car and drove to a motel near San Diego.

When he was sure he wasn't observed, he slipped out the back way and thumbed a ride to town and caught the afternoon train. He changed tracks three times and walked the last mile in darkness.

"He called before noon. I recorded it like you said and told him you had gone early this morning for Escondido."

She poured him a drink and he gagged in his hurry, but it stopped the nervousness.

"Everything is going to be all right," he said. "Where is the gun?"

"Over there in the desk. Oh, Marvin, I'm afraid!"

"Nothing to be afraid of," he said, confident and sure of the acts to come. He was master of the situation. He checked the revolver and held it on the table. They both silently contemplated the dark object.

"Do we have to do it," she asked, her voice shaking. "I'll divorce him and we'll go away together."

"What would we use for money?" he demanded, irritated by her stupidity. "Besides, he's rich and me for the last time."

"But do we have to kill him. He's been good to me, Marvin."

He dug his fingers into the soft flesh of her arms. "Pull yourself together. Let me do the thinking for us."

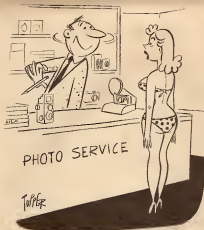
"You shoot him, Marvin. I might miss."

He shook his head angrily. "No. They might give me a paraffin test for powder particles on the skin. Don't you understand? It has to look like an accident."

"But I don't think I can hit him. It's dark!"

Marvin wanted to slap her. Controlling his anger, he turned off the lights. The moon was full, breaking the path in blue white. "See how bright it is?" he snapped, taking long steps to the sliding glass door.

He pushed at his glasses.



"I need an exposure meter."

DOLL BABY

(Continued from page 25)

"If he finds out he'll kill me, but I'll tell him about you. Why don't you face it doll baby. Things can never be the same. Both of us less if he finds out."

She called him doll baby. Marvin's throat was parched from the yearning.

"Just remember this," she went on. "I belong to him now. You know how he is. We both just better forget all about this. It's the only way."

"No," he said desperately. "I want to marry you, Delores."

She looked at him, studying the desire in his eyes. "That's your problem, Marvin. I have a husband."

"I'll think of something," he said urgently.

She locked the door to her room. He didn't sleep, thinking about it, trying to make logic make compulsion, then the need that was burning deep inside him. He had to have her, but he needed the money, too.

The full moon gave the plan to him and he considered it very carefully. All avenues explored, all points covered, he went to sleep strangely at peace.

Mrs. Cannon had breakfast ready when he awoke. She was planned to take another holiday. Marvin took Delores' tray up.

"Do you love me?" he asked, sitting close, absorbing her features.

"I said we were going to forget what happened, Marvin. It won't work any other way."

"You're wrong," he said, clenching his hands. "I'll go and call him in Denver. I'll just say that there is something he should know, should come home and see for himself. He's to call you and say he will be a day late and then come back tonight. You record the conversation."

She halted a place of toast in midair.

"You think he's a prowler and you..." he swallowed "You shoot him."

She dropped the toast and her eyes grew wide and frightened.

"You supposed to be in Escondido," he explained confidently. "That will put you all alone in the house. Your husband called that he wouldn't be home. I know him. He'll come back. Let himself in after dark."

"Murder," she whispered.

Marvin reached for her hand. It's the only way we can have each other and the money too.

"Hell come in this way. We'll wait the door and you'll shoot through the glass," he said, stepping out onto the patio. "Now, see how bright it is?"

"I see you, doll baby!" Marvin nodded. Good, she was getting her nerve back. He could tell by her voice. The night was chilly. But . . . he started with the breath of panic, pivoted to see her bringing the gun up, tried to run, to scream, but the hot paper burned deep in his chest before he heard the sounds.

He was light. Floating. Tried to hold on to the cool glass, tried to stiffen his legs, but the glossy red tile reached for him.

"You should have believed me," she was saying.

He heard the bolt to the door closing and then the strains of Beethoven's last symphony rose then faded quickly before the concert hall hushed.

ARSENIC AND BONBONS

(Continued from page 22)

Mr. Pennington commented on how thoughtful it was of John to send the candy, but declined to take any. "I'll smoke my cigar," he said. "Where was the box mailed from?"

Mary didn't know. "I was so excited when it came that I forgot to look," she said, passing the candy around. "But it came first class. I'll get the wrapper and see where it was mailed."

Mrs. Pennington and the children all took caramels from the bottom layer. Mr. Deane selected a caramel. His wife took a bonbon from the top layer and Mary chose her favourite, a chocolate-covered cream. Then she went and got the paper the box of

candy had been wrapped in. They all took turns trying to make out the postmark, but couldn't because it was smudged.

"What did John say in the note?" Mrs. Pennington asked.

Mary told her it had merely said, "Love to you all", and added that John hadn't signed it. "But it looked like his writing and I don't know anybody else who'd be sending me chocolate," she reasoned.

Two friends of the family, Miss Eleonora Bateman and Miss Margaret Millington, stopped by for a chat a few minutes later. They were offered some of the candy. Miss Bateman took a bonbon, but found the centre gritty and didn't finish it. Miss Millington enjoyed a caramel.

Shortly before bedtime, both Mary and her sister became violently ill. Mrs. Pennington escorted them to their rooms. When



"That's as far as I've traced 'em!"



They became worse, their father summoned the family physician, Dr. Harold Bishop.

The first thing he asked was what the girls had eaten for dinner. When told about the fish, corn fritters and peas, he immediately diagnosed the trouble as arsenic poisoning and treated Mrs. Dunning and Mrs. Deane accordingly. The two sisters failed to respond properly, however, and early the following morning, Dr. Bishop called in Dr. William Downs, a famous specialist from Philadelphia, for consultation.

Dr. Downs gave both women thorough examinations. When he finished, he said: "Arsenic poisoning." The two physicians worked frantically to save the Pennington girls' lives, but failed. Mary died in agony less than 12 hours later. Mrs. Deane survived for two days and then succumbed.

Both doctors wanted to know what the sisters had eaten besides the trout, fritters and peas. Mr. Pennington brought out the box of candy. After an autopsy had corroborated Dr. Downs' diagnosis of arsenic poisoning, the candy was analyzed. The bottom layer, containing macaroons, chocolate-covered fruits and such contained no poison. The top layer, however, was found to be more than crushed in mailing. They had been tampered with. Enough crystalline arsenic had been secreted in the centers to kill a dozen people.

Cornet Walter Wolfe was surprised at the use of arsenic in this crystalline form. "It's gritty," he said. "The same poison in powder form would have been much harder to detect and certainly would have made the candy more palatable."

It was readily understandable why Mr. Pennington, who had

eaten none of the candy, and the children, Mr. Deane, Mrs. Pennington and Miss Millington, all of whom had taken pieces from the bottom layer, were not affected. Miss Edelman had taken a barbon, but found it gritty and had eaten almost none of it.

The bereaved father was lost for words when Cornet Wolfe told him, "This is a case for the police, John." Pennington asked that nothing be said to anyone until he had an opportunity to think things over.

A careful study of the pink candy box discovered no clues to the manufacturer or the seller. The handkerchief that had come with it bore no identification marks. The one clue was the engraved note saying: "Love to you all." It appeared to be in John Dunning's handwriting. Mary had thought so.

Pulling himself together, Pennington sent a telegram to his son-in-law in Cuba, taking him of Mary's death and asking him to return to Dover as soon as possible. He also contacted Robert C. White, an old friend, who was Delaware's Attorney General. After White had looked into the known facts, he persuaded the ex-Congressman to call in Chief of Police John F. Dolan.

John Dunning took a boat from Cuba to Jacksonville, Florida, and then a fast train to Dover.

Pennington, White and Dolan had managed to keep the story out of the newspapers. They met Dunning and took him directly to a hotel room where they could talk in privacy.

The young widower appeared genuinely shocked and angry when told about the poisoned candy. He buried his face in his hands. Between sobs, he demanded to know who could have done such a thing.

"We think you did, John," Attorney General White told him calmly. "You do admit sending the candy, don't you?"

John Dunning jumped to his feet and shouted, "No!" Then, gaining control of himself, he explained that it would have been impossible for him to send anything except certain necessities out of the war zone.

"Then whose writing is this?" Chief Dolan asked, showing him the note that had accompanied the box of candy.

Dunning grabbed the piece of paper and studied it quickly. "That's not my writing," he said. "It was written by someone who wanted to throw suspicion on me. Any competent handwriting expert will clear me."

White, Dolan and Pennington exchanged glances. They realized that what young Dunning said about being unable to send anything except necessities out of Cuba was correct. Now, if he could prove the handwriting on the note was not his, he would most certainly exonerate himself.

Turning to his father-in-law, Dunning said, "I know you have sufficient reason to dislike me. I acted like a cad in San Francisco, but Mary forgave me. In spite of my escapades, I loved her very much. Most certainly, you can't believe I would do away with the mother of my own child."

The two officers and the father didn't know what to think. Finally, they showed Dunning the pink candy box and handkerchief. He said he could not imagine where they had come from.

The following day, a handwriting expert compared John Dunning's handwriting with the note in the candy box. "Someone tried to copy this man's style of writing," the expert said. "It was a good job, but not good enough."



"No, this is not Joe's fault."

John Pennington's influence in the community had kept the scandalous story of double murder in his family out of the newspapers for several days. Then an enterprising reporter got word of it. The Spanish-American War relinquished its place in the headlines to the case of the poisoned candy.

Assured by the grief-stricken father that his daughter, Mary, to whom the lethal package had been addressed, had no enemies in the East, Delaware detectives concluded that something of grave importance must have taken place while the Dummings were on the West Coast.

"Mary never went into detail about her troubles out there," John Pennington told the police. "To suggest you contact San Francisco authorities and find out just what went on there."

Chief Dolan sent a wire to Chief Leland W. Lee, in the California city, asking him to investigate the activities of John and Mary Dunning, as well as all of their associates, during the period that the newspaperman and his wife had resided in San Francisco.

Lee assigned Detectives John Seymour and Tom Gibson to the case.

Seymour and Gibson found the press association employees exceptionally co-operative, because to one of AP had liked the playboy who had been their boss.

"He lived at 2323 California Street with his wife," one of the typewriter pounders said in a most uncomplimentary tone. "But that was before he met this nymph Dunning went for her. He left his wife and moved into the same building with her. After that, we had all we could do to cover up for him here at the office. He only showed up on pay day and then he was dragging. From what we heard about the parties those two

threw, we were surprised he made it even then. Finally, the home office got wise and sacked him. The next thing we heard Dunning was on his way to cover the traces in Cuba."

Seymour and Gibson got the same story from other employees. The lady love's name, of course, was Cordelia Bolton. She lived at 527 Geary Street.

A trip to the Geary Street apartment building brought forth more valuable information. Cordelia Bolton had moved, but the enterprising owner had plenty to say about her and John Dunning.

"They almost wrecked my place," she said. "I lived in San Francisco before, during and after the Gold Rush days. But those

two topped anything I ever saw. They invited other tenants to their parties, too. That's why I couldn't get rid of them."

A fire of the apartment dwellers sheepishly admitted they had attended the parties thrown by Cordelia and her boy friend. They all agreed the get-togethers were quite Bohemian, to say the least.

Further investigation showed that Cordelia had gone to the Victoria Hotel to live after John Dunning left town. From there, Seymour and Gibson traced her to a sanatorium up in Napa County, where she spent two weeks taking a rest cure. It was established she was there on the night of August 15th, when the Pennington family perished at the



peppered candy 3000 miles away. From the seafarer, she had gone to Hialeah, only a short distance away. A job waiter from the San Francisco Examiner, who had read about the mysterious deaths in Dover when that information finally made the papers, had sensed a Coast town and was already in Hialeah. She had interviewed Mrs. Bolton and was keeping his paper posted on Cordelia's every move. Nothing had been printed because of the danger of libel, but the Examiner would be first on the streets when, and if the cops made a pinch.

Chief Lees forwarded all this information to Chief Dolan in Delaware, along with the suggestion that the candy box, hardware chest and note be sent to California for possible identification.

After talking things over with Mr. Pennington and Attorney General White, Chief Dolan contacted John Dunning with the San Francisco Evening's findings. He hedged for a while, but finally admitted that he had affairs with several women on the Coast. At the end, he related the sordid details of his association with Cordelia Bolton.

Shown the handwriting note again, he could not be sure whether it was his writing or not. "I have some letters from Cordelia," he said. "Handwriting experts can compare them." Then, with bowed head, John Dunning nodded remarking to his West Coast paramour that his wife, Mary, had an exceptionally sweet tooth and favoured chocolate covered creams.

"I wouldn't have believed Cordelia capable of doing a thing like that," he said. "She must have sensed that I won't come back."

Chief Dolan wasn't altogether sure that it wasn't a case of collusion. The wires buzzed on both coasts. Dunning admitted he'd written a letter to Mrs. Bolton recently. Lees was asked to intercept it.

The newspapers broke the full story, and the San Francisco Examiner job waiter led all the rest with a complete story detailing Cordelia Bolton's background and demanding her immediate arrest.

The trial of Cordelia Bolton in the packed courtrooms of Superior Judge Carroll Cook was headlined throughout the nation. But if the women spectators had hoped to see in John Dunning the glamorous playboy the newspapers portrayed, they were in for a disappointment. Time was not dealt kindly with the man who had shared both Cordelia Bolton's allowance and her bed. He was red-eyed, runchy and disheveled looking. Fortunately for him, his last letter to Cordelia, which had been intercepted by the police, had been relatively innocent.

The women on trial for her life turned to him for sympathy when he entered the courtroom, but John Dunning looked the other

way. Afterwards, on the witness stand, the gallant lover omitted no details when he told the court about their past intimacies.

The prosecution presented its case against Cordelia Bolton with witnesses and evidence brought all the way from Delaware and those people who had come in contact with her in San Francisco. The clerk who sold the candy, the druggist who sold the arsenic and the postal employee who remembered a woman sending a candy box by first class mail were there. One of the teachers from the nursery school where Cordelia had studied for the Red Cross testified that Cordelia had shown unusual interest in poisons while she was there. Handwriting experts testified that the note, "Love to you all," had been written by the woman on trial.

Cordelia Bolton, unfazed by the damning evidence, claimed the whole case was a frame-up.

Her attorneys, McKeown and Knight, went all out in their attempts to tear the prosecution's arguments to shreds. They put doctors on the stand who said student nurses always showed great interest in poisons. They tried to create reasonable doubt in the jurors' minds by suggesting that the Pennington girls could have been poisoned by the fish and lettuce they ate for dinner that August night. The postal employee, druggist, and candy-store clerk came in for ragged cross-examination. The testimony of the handwriting experts was contradicted by the testimony of other handwriting experts more favorable to the side of the defense. The handkerchief included in the box of poisoned candy was brought forth and waved in front of the jury. It was the one article the San Francisco detectives had not been able to trace.

All these efforts were in vain, however. The 12-man jury took less than four hours to return a verdict of guilty. A recommendation for mercy was included because no women had ever been executed in California.

Judge Cook sentenced Cordelia Bolton to serve the remainder of her natural life in prison. A second trial was granted because of a technicality in the first. The prosecution had defence did a repeat of their first performance. The new jury's verdict was the same as the old.

The convicted prisoner was held in the branch county jail at Inglewood while the usual appeals were made. But when these were exhausted and Judge Cook found the prisoner making friends, influencing guests and enjoying most of the comforts of home right in her cell, he hurried her off to San Quentin, where the keepers were less susceptible.

To such a woman as Cordelia Bolton, life without a man, liquor or rich foods was pretty dull stuff. She was more than ready when she died at the age of 33.

THE ORDEAL OF SGT. McKEON

(Continued from page 130)

If he could prove himself a man he could have a drink and I put the bottle to my lips. The top was on and no liquid was drunk. This was my way of saying that he had not arrived at a man's estate.

Borman: Was the cap on or off the bottle?

McKeon: The cap was on it and I did not take a single drop. That is the truth.

There is some question whether or not he was telling the truth. According to McKeon it was his third miraculous rescue from an overdose in alcoholic content that Sunday afternoon. He had bought a can of Schlitz, but had remembered that he was supposed to rush back to relieve King. (King was still around at show that evening.) An old buddy had bought him a triple shot of whiskey while, fortunately, was asleep. He raised the bottle to his lips, but did not drink.

There is no doubt at all that, true to his word, he went out into the barracks and said: "We're all going swimming. Fall out in two minutes!" And then: "Anybody here can't swim?" Well, you men will drown. The rest of you will be eaten by sharks."

They marched at route 5 down Ware Boulevard, and straight across about a quarter of a mile of sandy dunes along the edge of firing range B. At the end of the range, he swung his pistol belt, along the back of the target built of Ranges Baker and Charlie. He swung left away from the road, but still on firm ground. Within 50 feet the nearly mowed grass merged with the tall swamp grass and the soft, mud-sucking marshland. Beyond that was only Ribbon Creek, a small finger of water pointing inland from the Atlantic Ocean.

There has been some confusion in the public's mind as to whether the tide was coming in or going out when Sergeant McKeon led his recruits into the water on that dark, moonless night. It was going out. High tide had been at 8:44; McKeon stepped into the creek a few minutes after 8:30.

Along the shore of Ribbon Creek there is a strip of marsh grass which is under water when the tide is high. At 8:30 the water covering the grass was about chest high. Dropping away from this ledge, the river bed slopes down to a depth of about five feet at low tide and perhaps 12 feet at high tide.

The defence made much, during the trial, of the fact that McKeon had never actually led his men off that ledge. The point was purely academic, though, because McKeon knew nothing about Ribbon Creek. He had never been there.

(Continued on page 56)



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chain, carried it into the shop to the anvil, and chiseled off the worn link.

He removed the worn chain link, tossed it to one side, and started an idle glance to the freighter.

"Come a long track today, Mr. Henderson?"

Impatience roughened the freighter's stare. "Twelve miles. From a little way this side of Whiskey Flat. Get this job over with, MacDill."

The blacksmith smiled, and poked into his scrap bin for a piece of metal the right length and thickness for a new link. He found two pieces, and with his tongs pushed one of them into the rusty haggler of the forge.

"Twelve miles is a good pull, Mr. Henderson," He spoke slyly, with his back to the freighter as he worked at the anvil.

"On the other hand," he went on conversationally, "twelve miles ain't so much to brag about when you're traveling light."

He heard the freighter's voice sharpen. "I'm packing my usual load. My waggon is full-up. MacDill, what makes you think they ain't?"

MacDill fired the new link into the chain. He tugged the second link and carried it along with the chain to the tub of water. The water hissed at him angrily.

He turned, looked at the jerk-line. "Your wheel tyres ain't cutting the track they would if you were loaded heavy," he said. "Your mare are too fresh for a twelve mile haul against a full load. Why are you but about your waggons, Mr. Henderson?"

The freighter's eyes narrowed, and temper was in them. At one side, the sheriff frowned at all this, puzzled. Then Henderson laughed, a sharp, forced sound.

Angus MacDill's eyes were grim and steady. "I've got to have an answer to my question, Mr. Henderson." He watched the freighter, waiting, but he got no answer.

He said, "You claim your waggon are loaded heavy, but the signs show they ain't. Your mare are too little weight in it, but the load is all near the tail. Look at it yourself, Henderson. The weight is all on the back, and a man who's freighted as long as you would know a load should be carried mostly on the front, to keep the tongue down. You must have been in a mighty big hurry when you loaded your trailer. A man who'd helped to do murder and had robbed a billion stage would be in that much of a hurry."

Mac Hender's mouth turned suddenly ugly, and he sneered as he whipped up his gun.

"MacDill! Damont! Damont, get out here!"

But there was no need for his yell. The two gunmen had heard it all; they came spilling through the canvas flap of the coaster, cold-eyed, with their weapons leveled and ready.

One of the killers checked the couple's grimly.

"Two chains are set, Henderson. But what do we do with these two? If we kill them, some prospector might hear the shots. We can't take the chance."

"All we need is a couple more hours," Henderson said thinly. "Once we're across the line and get rid of these waggons, we'll split up the gold and they'll never be able to catch us." He swung the weapon toward MacDill and the sheriff. "You're walking along with us."

The killers climbed into the wagon, and under the threat of their guns Angus MacDill and the sheriff slipped beside the wheelers. They went through the gates, across the flat roof of the pass, and then they came to the first down-dip of the canyon road. It was a gentle grade at the beginning, and the teams could hold back the empty waggons. Later the pitch increased, and Mac Hender set the rough locks at the rim of a dangerously steep grade that was topped by the first sharp switchback. Below and beyond the bend in the road, Secorde Canyon gulped empty, with the green-white foam of a river far below.

Henderson turned in the seat, reached out, and with an unerring swing of his arm slammed his gun barrel against the side of Sheriff Branshaw's head.

Mac Hender grinned cruelly. "Come a step closer, MacDill. You've done a job for me, and now you'll get your pay."

MacDill moved closer to the wagon, and he knew what was coming.

"You shouldn't have murdered my son, Henderson."

Henderson acted swiftly. The gun glashed out at him, and he could do nothing to avoid it. Pain stabbed his sharp blade into his brain, and he knew he was falling.

He didn't entirely lose consciousness. He rallied over and sat up, and that was as far as he could go. He just sat there in the rocks, quietly watching the freight outfit pick up a dangerous speed on the steep grade of the canyon road. The waggons drew near the first sharp bend of the switchback, and he saw Mac Hender slam the rough-blocks home against the wheel tyres, hard this time.

"You shouldn't have murdered my son, Henderson," Angus MacDill called. "It was a bad bargain you made for yourself!"

Dust choked out from the skidding wheels, then the waggons plunged into space, breaking the rocks and firing the panic-stricken teams. Seconds later MacDill heard the muffled roar that floated up from the bottom of the canyon.

The last link had sounded real and good in the water, but it was the second link — the one MacDill had shaped out of soft lead — that he had fitted into place in the chain.

"It was a bad bargain you made for yourself, Henderson," MacDill muttered. "The price of a lead link in rough-hewn chains is a cheap one when you're paying the cost of murder."

THE ORDEAL OF SGT. MCKEON

(Continued from page 52)

He had never been there before in his life. In the final analysis, that was his only crime. He had his men, kindly and ignorantly, into tidal waters.

Once in the shall (38 degrees) water, Mac turned sharply to his right, hugging the shoreline. The water lapped against his knees, and as he flowed, his feet sank into the muddy bottom up to the ankles.

Behind him there was laughter, roared with curses, as the men slipped and slithered in the mud.

"Is everybody OK?" he called.

Everybody wasn't. Recruit Ray stood Degado had sunk into a mudhole, all the way up to his waist. McKee turned to Minkoff, just behind him, and told him to help Degado. "OK," Minkoff said, "but let me have your stick." He waded back, gave Degado one end of the bromstick and pulled him free.

Thirty feet upstream, McKee suddenly turned away from the shore and swung back downstream. He was near out about 15 feet and the water was up to his waist as he continued marching downstream. He maintained at the trial that the water never rose higher than his chest. (There was a mild difference of opinion about that.)

Several times he stopped to inquire about his non-swimmers. They all seemed to be making out all right. (Actually, some of them hadn't even come into the water.) He asked about the problem boy of his platoon, saw that he was terrified and directed that he be taken ashore.

Everything seemed to be going fine, and then, unexpectedly, the men were swept out by a surge of current. The ground stopped away from their feet, and their clothing, wet and heavy, dragged them down. Suddenly, in the darkness, there was panic.

McKee insisted to the end that he never let his men out of their heads. But Francis Edwin Leonard, upon being questioned by special attorney Major Charles R. Sevier testified: "I went into water over my head and started treading water and tried to swim. Sergeant McKee and two others were there with me. He was talking about things we should do to combat. He was treading water, too. We were treading water not over five minutes before the cries for help. They came from the forward part of the platoon."

On cross-examination, Leonard asked: "Did you tell the defense that the reason you were treading water was not that the water was over your head, but because it was easier to move that way than to pull your legs in and out of the mud?"

"Yes," Leonard said.

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the newspaperman and the television cameramen to the defense counsel room. Then he brought in Pete.

The general was about as informal as generals get in public. He was relaxed, his shirt was open at the neck and he was trying awfully hard to be breezy.

The commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps then took the stand and began to chuck down off the mountain. The main purpose of his appearance was satisfied when Berman put this question: "I should like to solicit your opinion, General Fite, on the question of whether or not both before or after this fateful Sunday involving Platoon 11 and Sergeant McKee, whether there has been any intention whatsoever to make any less rigorous or to interfere with the training of recruits?"

"I am on official record in official papers," said General Fite, "that there would not be any lessening."

Beyond that, it was just a matter of doing his bit for McKee.

Berman: . . . what would you say was the most important factor of training in Marine?"

Pete: All factors are important, disarming more than anything else, his response to orders, his willingness to be a member of a team and sacrifice when necessary.

Berman: In connection with that main purpose or what you have learned of the practices, could you tell us whether or not the man directly charged with that responsibility of the handling of recruits is the drill instructor?

Pete: Yes, that is the practice, as far as I know since I have been in the Marine Corps.

The commandant was then asked whether taking an undisciplined, sparkless platoon on an uncalculated night march into water could, in his opinion, be classified as oppression.

"I would not call that oppression, No," General Fite said.

And then, astonishingly, Berman asked this direct question: "In your official capacity as the Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, had you been permitted to deal with Sergeant McKee, what in your considered view would have been the action you would have taken?"

Now, in his official capacity as Commandant of the Marine Corps, Pete already had taken action on the McKee case. He had ordered the court-martial in which he was now testifying.

Major Sevier, quite naturally, leaped to his feet and for the first time entered an objection. Pete was being asked, in effect, to tell the court-martial what to do.

A general is used to speaking up. "But I don't object," Pete said. "I don't know the law, but—"

"Sir," said Sevier, respectfully. "It is I who have an objection."

Berman converted the direct question into a long-winded, almost interminable "hypothetical"

question, in which he put forth McKee's actions step-by-step. He ended with: "What action, in your opinion, stated with a reasonable degree of accuracy, would you have taken?"

Sevier's objection was overruled this time, on the grounds that the general would be simply giving an expert opinion.

The general's answer went: "In my opinion, and I have not heard the evidence in this case, it is evident that this D.I. had drunk some vodka and I assume it was against regulations. I think I would take a stripe away from him, for a thing like that is a fairly serious thing when dealing with recruits."

"As to the processing part of it, I suspect I would have transferred him away for stupidity or for lack of judgement. I would probably have written in his service record book, though, that on no condition was this sergeant to drill recruits again."

But before General Fite got away, the law officer (judge) put a series of questions that established, for the record, that it was Pete himself who had ordered the court-martial. At this point, we were in the wonderful world of the military court again, for Berman entered an objection to that line of questioning. He was objecting, that is, to a question put by the man who was then to rule on the fitness of his own question.

"I wanted to know," said the law officer drily, "whether at a prior time the same expert gave another recommendation to the one he has given as an opinion today?"

The following day, Berman called General "Chester" Fuller (retired), the most famous fighting Marine of them all. Despite the heat, Fuller appeared in full dress, his 50 ribbons solid on his blouse.

To Berman's hypothetical question on the McKee case, Fuller answered: "In my opinion, the reason American troops made out so poorly in the Korean war was mostly due to the lack of night training. And if we are going to win the next war I say that from now on 50 per cent of the training should be devoted to night training."

When Sevier put his own hypothetical question, emphasizing the total lack of basic precaution or reconnaissance that led to the deaths of the six men, Fuller said: "I would say that this night march was or is a diplomatic accident."

Sevier: Would you take any action against McKee?"

Fuller: . . . I think as I read in the papers yesterday of the testimony of General Fite before this court that he . . . regrets that this man was ever ordered to trial by general court-martial.

Berman had 23 more witnesses on his roster, but he only felt the need of presenting one — a drill instructor who said he had trained eight recruit platoons and marched at least five of them into the tidal swamp areas, both by day and

by night.

That pretty well wrapped it up.

The court, which consisted of six Marine officers and a Navy doctor, deliberated for seven hours. It acquitted S/Sgt. Matthew McKee on the charges of oppression of troops and conduct detrimental to the service (drinking in the presence of a recruit). It found him guilty not of culpable negligence leading to manslaughter but only of negligent homicide. He was also found guilty of drinking in the barracks.

He could not have got away easier.

But then a funny thing happened. Having reduced the charges to the minimum, the court then punished McKee severely. It was generally assumed that he would get something under six months in the brig, since anything over that would mean an automatic bad-conduct discharge. Instead, the Marine colonel who headed up the court intoned: "It is my duty as president of this court to inform you that the court sentences you to be discharged from the service with a bad-conduct discharge, to forfeit 30 dollars a month for nine months, to be confined at hard labour for nine months, and to be reduced in grade to private."

It was inevitable that observers would surmise that the seven officers of the court were guided by Pete's observations. The verdict, the officers knew, would be reversed by Secretary of the Navy Thomas. The Secretary could reduce the sentence but not increase it. What they did, apparently was to hand out the stiffest possible penalties, then handed the package back to Thomas to do what he wanted with it.

There was never much doubt that Thomas was going to whittle the good sentence down under six months, for by that time, McKee had been transformed — in the eyes of the public — from a four doper to a martyr. Two months later, almost to the day, Thomas, reduced the sentence to three months set aside the bad-conduct discharge and set aside the 30 dollar-a-month pay forfeiture. He did uphold the reduction of rank from sergeant to private.

"I will cry," said Private McKee, "in the very best private in the Marine Corps."

By that time, nobody cared very much except these people immediately involved. Things at Petta Island had already returned to normal. The issue of military training had been debated on the court of public opinion and the decision had been in favour of leaving the Marine Corps alone.

In his decision, Secretary Thomas had written: "For him, I hope that the real punishment will be always the memory of Ridge Creek on Sunday night, April 8, 1952."

Only Matt McKee, in the dark ages of night, knows how true that is.

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